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FROM A SKETCH BY CHAS. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 239.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1881.

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MR. CONKLING'S POSITION.

SENATOR CONKLING has seen fit to invite the judgment of the State of New York on himself and his acts. It is not worth while to expend much conjecture upon the motives which have led him to submit his own resignation and to procure or compel that of Senator Platt, his colleague in name, but his creature in fact. No explanation can be found which lends dignity to Mr. Conkling's course. To suppose that it was simply the result of pique implies a childishness of temper not credible of a professional politician fifty-two years old. If done with deliberate calculation, and in the knowledge or belief that he can count on "workers" enough at Albany to return him at once to the Senate, the act exhibits the cowardly bravado of a man who challenges trial by a jury which he knows to be packed to acquit. And if the Senator really proceeds on the assumption that this great State has been outraged in his person, he discovers a self-estimate which would appear insolent were it not so grotesque. We need not occupy ourselves with Mr. Roscoe Conkling's emotional or intellectual processes. The present concern of the people of New York is with the answer that shall be made to his appeal.

The "boss" system of politics has culminated in Senator Conkling. His undoubted abilities have all been devoted to the construction and perpetuation of a machine to be run by himself and for himself, only subordinately to the service of the country. There has apparently grown in the Senator's mind a conviction that to others belonged the work of proposing and effecting legislation for the common good, while his concern with legislation was limited to such as affected partisan or personal interests. Great measures of national importance have repeatedly found his eloquence silent and his ingenuity asleep; his voice has resounded and his soul has throbbed with activity whenever events threatened even a village postmaster of his brand and following. He has seemed to act on the hypothesis that there may be, within the Senate, and yet greater than the Senate, an extra constitutional power which, by virtue of backing in the constituencies at home, has the right to dictate nominations to the President, and, if resisted, to use the legislative branch as an instrument to coerce, thwart or punish the Executive.

It is not necessary to inform any intelligent citizen that Mr. Conkling's conception of his functions in the Government is an entirely erroneous one. If we are to have independent principalities inside Congress, governed by boys or bashaws who assume to contend on equal terms with the Executive for the exercise of the President's constitutional prerogative, we might as well abandon the attempt to carry on the government on the present plan. Mr. Conkling or some other bold innovator will be attempting to usurp the veto power next. This sort of arrogance reached its climax in Mr. Conkling's action on the Robertson nomination. He from first to last looked to the nullification of the right of the President and the Senate to have that nomination fairly

acted upon. He held himself throughout as if he were some supernatural power whose wrath must be averted, and whose goodwill must be conciliated by the occupant of the White House, before the wheels of government were permitted to revolve as usual. A President weak enough to bend to such insolence might have been expected to resign as soon as his humiliation became public. For Mr. Conkling's resignation, when his ridiculous menaces failed to have the slightest effect upon the Administration, there was no reason beyond those suggested by his own vanity.

And that resignation was as cowardly as it was causeless. In his letter to Governor Cornell, Mr. Conkling declares that the President is abusing his "public trusts"; is "liquidating personal obligations" by the dispensation of office; is holding the menace of Executive displeasure over the heads of Senators in order "to coerce them to vote as they would not if left free from Executive interference," and is generally acting in such a way as to create "conditions which are utterly degrading and vicious," the acceptance of which "would compel the representatives of States to fling down their oaths and representative duty at the footstool of Executive power." Now, what is the attitude of this valorous champion of public liberty and Senatorial honor in the face of such alleged Executive malfeasance and usurpation? Does he set his face like a flint against the aggressions which he imputes to the President? Does he attempt to rescue the standard of public morals from the mud and mire in which he would have us believe it has fallen in the hands of the President? No; like a craven sentinel, he raises a cry of alarm only to run away from his post at the sound of his own voice. He contemptuously "flings down his oath and representative duty," not indeed at the "footstool of Executive power" in Washington, but at the feet of the men in Albany, who had elected him as a brave and "stalwart" soldier, ready at all times to defend his own convictions, the honor of his State and the integrity of the Republican Party. What if the situation at Washington was a critical one? Had he forgotten the words of Edmund Burke? "Where duty renders a critical situation a necessary one, it is our business to keep free from the evils attendant on it, and not to fly from the situation itself. If a fortress is seated in an unwholesome air, an officer of the garrison is obliged to be attentive to his health, but he must not desert his station." If, then, Mr. Conkling has persuaded himself that the incriminations which he brings against the President are well-founded, he at the same time convicts himself of a flagrant act of cowardice in deserting his post of duty simply because it has become a post of difficulty and of danger. His reputation for political courage can be saved only at the cost of his reputation for sincerity.

The people of New York should take Mr. Conkling at his word. They should weigh his character and measure his record, recent and remote. The attempt to identify his vanity, or presumption, or selfish wishes, or personal likes and dislikes, with the interests of the million citizens whom he was elected to represent is an impertinence. It will not do for Mr. Conkling to say that the question now at issue is whether New York appointments shall be dictated by Maine. The question at issue is whether the behavior of Mr. Conkling—his attitude as to great questions of policy—during his several terms as Senator, and particularly his attitude towards the administration of President Garfield for the past month or more, has justified his continuance in the office. That question should be candidly considered and definitely settled before the Legislature resolves itself into a ratification meeting to cover the chagrin of his defeat in the Robertson matter, and to stiffen him up for further efforts in the way of obstructing the public business.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

IT is worth while glancing briefly at a few of the many interesting features of the existing financial situation. One of the most significant signs of the times is the abundance of money throughout the country. The New York City banks hold fifteen millions more than the required reserve, or five millions more than their reserve of a year ago, the rates have latterly been down to two and three per cent. on call loans, and the banks show considerable anxiety to discount, even taking rather unusual risks in some cases. The plethora of money is strikingly evidenced in the readiness of investors to pay 117 for the four per cent. bonds, and the ease with which the sixes and fives have been, or are being, refunded at 3½ per cent. It is likewise indicated in the almost wholesale demolition of business buildings in the lower part of this city, and the erection in their stead of larger and finer structures, as a means of more profitably investing capital, which else must accept the low rates of interest generally prevailing. These investments in real estate are consequently of particular significance just now, while

they promise to be productive of the most gratifying results so far as the adornment of our city is concerned; at least, traveled foreigners have invariably borne testimony to the fact that nowhere else in the world are there such fine commercial buildings as those which are already so common in New York, and which now promise, happily, to become still more numerous.

As regards the commercial and financial interests of the country, there can be no doubt that we have made enormous strides in the matter of permanent wealth during the last few years; the rapid development of our agricultural resources, the increasing dependence of Europe upon us for food products, and our growing independence of other countries as regards manufactures, have contributed beyond all question to send the United States still further towards the van in the march of progress.

The flow of gold in this direction has ceased, owing to a considerable increase in the imports, and there are alarmists who assert that our specie balance will have to be drawn upon to pay for fifteen millions of United States sixes, ten millions of the five per cents., and an like amount of Norfolk and Western bonds, all of which, it is asserted, are likely to be returned to us at a time when our export trade is at its lowest ebb. But it is affirmed, on the other hand, that \$60,000,000 of British capital have been advanced on American railroads since last December, and that the equilibrium of the exchanges can, moreover, be only temporarily disturbed. The recent estimates of the Director of the Mint, at Washington, of the amount of gold in circulation will furnish cold comfort to croakers. There has, it seems, been a total gain of gold coin and bullion in this country since July 1st, 1879, of \$234,000,000; the gold circulation is \$520,000,000, of which \$256,000,000 are actually in the hands of the people. This is the result of our enormous exports of produce and the purchases of American securities by European capitalists.

Railway bonds and shares are still being marketed at high prices. The railroads are rapidly recovering from the depression resulting from the rugged winter and the backward spring, and the returns from thirty-nine companies show a gain in earnings of nearly \$5,000,000 since January 1st, compared with a like period last year.

The crops promise to be abundant; we are at peace with all the world; and with a Secretary of the Treasury whose prudence, sagacity and skill recall the financial victories of Hamilton and Gallatin, there is no reason why we should not, in the near future, make even greater progress than we have during the last few years in working out the momentous destiny that unquestionably waits on the rejoicing course of this giant-like young Republic of the West.

THE CONFIRMATION OF JUDGE ROBERTSON.

THE confirmation of Judge Robertson as Collector of the Port of New York, by a substantially unanimous vote, is a significant rebuke of the doctrine of Senatorial "primacy" which has been so vehemently urged by Senator Conkling and a handful of sympathizers. The truth is, that there has never been the slightest shadow of justification for the opposition to this particular nomination, either in the character of the nominee or the circumstances under which he was nominated. Judge Robertson is a gentleman of conspicuous ability, of irreproachable personal character, and the representative, besides, of the best ideas of his party. His one offense to the Conkling faction consists in the fact that he has persistently refused to surrender his manhood, or abdicate the right of private judgment, at the beck and call of men who regard the Republican Party as their personal possession, and habitually subordinate its principles and interests to their own selfish purposes. It has never been pretended that there was any other reason for his rejection than this. It is now apparent that, with all the bluster and outcry raised by Senator Conkling, he has never been able, fighting on this line, to detach any considerable number of Senators from the support of this "contested" nomination. From the moment that the President definitely accepted the challenge of battle, offered by the distinct assent upon his most sacred prerogatives, the arrogant assailant was beaten. His withdrawal from the field, intended to provoke widespread sympathy, only deepened the feeling of hostility to his course, and covered him with derision. Even among those who, to some extent, sympathized with his views as to "Senatorial rights" there is a feeling of intense satisfaction that his peculiarly arrogant assertion of those views has been rebuked. Whether Mr. Conkling shall or shall not be re-elected to the Senate, he can never again enjoy the prestige which he has hitherto possessed. He has revealed so glaringly and offensively the real defects of his character—his petulance, his greed of power, his inability to accept with equanimity the fortunes of war in politics, his disregard

of principle and party supremacy, except where that supremacy shall give him mastery—that, whatever may be his hold on the "machine," he can never recover the place he has lost in the confidence and regard of the people.

SOME DECISIONS OF INTEREST.

POWBOATS in the harbor had better take pains to keep out of the way of the ferryboats and tugs. It is a rule of law that when a steamer and a sail-vessel get in one another's way, the sail-vessel may keep right onward, and the steamer must steer aside. A steam-tug in the Delaware River, off Philadelphia, ran over a rowboat, and a boy on board the boat was drowned. His father brought a suit, for he said that the steamboat ought to have turned out for the rowboat. But the judge said that the rule does not apply to rowboats. The reason why a steamer must keep out of the way of a sail-vessel is that she is the more manageable of the two. But she is not more manageable than a rowboat; on the contrary, a rowboat can back or turn to one side much the more easily.

The use of photographs as evidence in lawsuits is becoming quite common. Those who followed the trial of Rev. Mr. Cowley, will remember that a photograph of little Victor, one of the children who were nearly starved in the Shepherd's Fold, taken so as to show his sickly, emaciated condition when first removed from that hospitable institution, was exhibited to the jury, and had a marked effect. The Court of Appeals has very lately decided that this was a proper way of showing how much the child had suffered. An Iowa farmer had a boy in his family to "do chores." The lad did not rise punctually enough in the mornings to please his employer, and one morning the master went up to the bedroom, and, while the lad was still in bed and undressed, whipped him over the back and shoulders, with a rawhide, so severely as to break the skin in numerous welts from two to six inches long, draw considerable blood, and produce permanent scars. The friends of the boy had a ferrotype taken immediately, showing the appearance of the injuries. The Court allowed this to be shown to the jury, who gave the boy \$500 damages. It is worth knowing that when an injury or disaster occurs, capable of being exhibited pictorially, as where a carriage is upset by a pile of rubbish left in the road, or where a wall is wrongfully torn down, or a defective bridge gives way, or the like, the persons interested can preserve a means of showing the true facts by having photographs taken promptly. In a number of cases the courts have allowed them to be shown to the jury, and in some instances they have been the means of winning the suit.

One may cart what he pleases along the highway, but if it be of a character to frighten horses, he should send somebody in advance to give warning. While they were building the Providence water-works, the workmen hauled into the city an immense load of tubing and machinery, and left it over night by the side of the road. To a spirited horse it was a frightful object; and, as a Mr. and Mrs. Bennett came driving past, their horse took fright and ran away, and they were thrown from their wagon and badly hurt. The Court said that hauling the things along the road was all right; any one has the right to use the highway for carting a big load of goods, moving a frame-house, or loading an elephant. But, if the object is likely to frighten the horses of other travelers, he is bound to provide assistants to give warning in advance, and aid others to escape injury. Therefore, the lady and gentleman recovered handsome damages.

Even a Ladies' Sewing Circle may become involved in a lawsuit. The ladies attending a church formed a sewing circle, composed partly of church members, and partly of outsiders, for the purpose of "refurnishing the church." They raised a considerable sum of money by their sewing meetings and other efforts, and it was placed in charge of a lady who was chosen the treasurer of the society. At length, however, for some reason not known, a majority of the ladies thought they would rather not devote the money to church-furnishing, but would prefer some other application. The church officers, however, claimed the fund. The treasurer naturally sided with the ladies, and refused to pay it over to the church. Lawsuit! The Court said that as the association was formed for refurnishing the church—that was the written agreement—a mere majority of the members could not vote the money away for other purposes. As fast as the money was paid into the treasurer's hands, it became the property of the church for the purpose of refurnishing, and the treasurer must pay it over accordingly.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE agitation in Italy over the Tunis affair has resulted in the resignation of the Cairoli Ministry, which is made the scapegoat of the popular dissatisfaction at the conduct of France in her Tunisian invasion. The new Ministry, formed by Signor Sella, who is an exceptionally able publicist, represents the Liberal Conservatives, and is composed of men of enlarged ideas. The new Premier, in view of the opposition of the Radicals to his Government, may dissolve the Chamber and appeal to the country, which is thought to be prepared to return to a Conservative administration. The popular feeling, however, is very intense; there have been demonstrations at Rome, Naples, Florence, Milan and elsewhere, at which the action of France has been violently condemned; and there can be no doubt that the Radicals would willingly precipitate the country into war if they could see

any hope of European support. The French, meanwhile, are strengthening their hold upon important strategic positions in Tunis, being evidently determined to deal promptly and decisively with any rising of the hostile tribes whose chiefs threaten the Bey with resistance to the conditions of the convention into which he has entered. There has been some severe fighting, in which both the natives and the French lost heavily. M. Roustan, the French Consul, who has persistently urged the Bey to accept the protectorate of France, has been appointed Resident Minister, and has just begun his official career by ordering the Bey to dismiss seventeen officers "supposed to be unfavorable to France," including the President of the Municipality. The British Press continues to denounce the conduct of France as "perfidious," and some Tory members of Parliament have insisted that Great Britain should interfere to prevent the "outrage" upon Tunisian rights. Mr. Gladstone has very neatly turned the tables upon the latter by reminding them that England herself has more than once ignored the suzerainty of the Sultan, just as France has done. Two centuries ago, when the Porte's authority over the country was more than a mere shadow, Blake compelled the Dey of Algiers to surrender his slaves, and in 1816 Lord Exmouth battered half the town to pieces with his squadron in order to force the Dey to put a stop to piracy. How, then, can England complain of the violation of the Ottoman suzerainty in Tunis, particularly when the late Foreign Secretary agreed to let France seize the territory if she would consent to the British occupation of Cyprus? This is the position taken by Mr. Gladstone, and the Tories find it difficult to turn it. By way of reassuring the English Government, France has again stated officially that she has not the slightest idea of annexation. She has no desire whatever "to add a million and a half of turbulent Tunisians to her population."

The hope that the new Czar would initiate a liberal policy in the management of his great empire must, apparently, be abandoned. A circular of General Ignatieff, the new Minister of the Interior, explaining the recent manifesto of the Emperor, declares that while the Government will maintain all the rights of the peasantry, relieve the people as much as possible of the burdens of taxation and favor measures for the enlargement of local administration, it will rely upon autocracy and absolutism as the only forces competent to extirpate the spirit of rebellion. Meanwhile the Nihilists remain defiant, a proclamation just issued declaring that they accept the war forced upon them by the Czar, and will not abandon the struggle so long as a hope of victory remains. The outrages upon the Jews still continue in various localities. The St. Petersburg police are unearthing fresh Nihilist mines, and the report that the city is honeycombed with mines is confirmed in a measure by the recent discoveries.

While the agitation in Ireland has not been arrested by the enforcement of the Coercion Act, it has certainly been diminished. The whole number of arrests, under that Act, up to the 5th instant, amounted to fifty-four. Since then, three or four conspicuous members of the Land League have been arrested, and it is likely that Michael Brennan and some others will be added to the number. Brennan, in a recent speech, urged the tenants to proclaim a general strike against all rent; they must, he said, make the country hotter than ever by making it impossible for landlords to collect rents even when assisted by the police and soldiery. The arrest of a priest in County Limerick, who has been prominent in inciting disturbance, has occasioned a good deal of excitement, being made the subject of discussion in Parliament. The House of Commons rejected, on the 20th instant, by the decisive vote of 352 to 176, Lord Elcho's motion that "the leading provisions of the Land Bill are economically unsound, unjust and impolitic." The Bill was then read a second time. Mr. Parnell and some eighteen of his followers left the House during the division, being deservedly greeted with derision from all sides. Mr. Gladstone has announced that the Government is prepared to accept reasonable amendments to the Bill, but he warned the Opposition that they would find it a dangerous experiment to mutilate or reject the measure; such a course would certainly result "in compelling a Conservative Government to pass a larger Bill." This is a hint which the House of Lords will do well to respect. It is hoped that the Bill may reach the Lords by the third week in July.

Gambetta has carried through the French Chamber of Deputies his pet *scrutin de liste* Bill, the effect of which will be to group constituencies somewhat after the manner of the Hare system, candidates thus being deprived of the advantages which wealth, property and family associations give to them in a purely local contest. The opponents of the system charge that it will enable Gambetta, by supplanting the local magnates, to make himself virtual Dictator; but it is fair to him to say that he disavows any such intention, and bases his advocacy of the measure on the distinct ground of putting an end to the venality and corruption which have grown up under the existing methods.

The details of the settlement of the Greek question have been finally arranged. The Mussulmans living in the ceded districts will be exempt from service in the Greek army for three years, and at the expiration of that period they will be allowed the choice between remaining Turkish subjects or becoming naturalized Greeks. The surrender of the ceded territory is to be concluded within six months, and the convention is to be ratified by all the Great Powers. This latter stipulation will cause a delay of two or three weeks. The final acquiescence of the Porte in these details seems to have been due to a threat of the Powers that severe measures would be resorted to in case of further obstruction.

Messrs. Howe and Everts, delegates from this country, addressed the Monetary Conference last week in favor of bi-metallicism. The Conference has adjourned until May 30th in order to enable several delegates to confer with their Governments.—It is reported that Emperor William has recently received intimations of unfriendly designs against his person, and his public movements have, in consequence, been attended with extraordinary precautions. Mr. Gladstone, replying to inquiries as to his intentions in the Bradlaugh case, has declared that the Government has no thought "of introducing an indemnity Bill in favor of Mr. Bradlaugh, and releasing him from penalties which he had chosen to bring upon himself in violating the law of the realm, or the rules of the House."

It begins to look as if President Garfield means to be President in fact as in name. At any rate, the new reading of the Constitution, namely, that "The Senate shall nominate and appoint to office, by and with the consent of the President," is not likely to become the rule of action during his official term.

Let us see: The Republican Party of the United States embraces about 4,500,000 voters. Messrs. Conkling and Platt count two. President Garfield represents the entire party, and claims the right to act in its name. Messrs. Conkling and Platt insist that they are the party, and that the 4,499,998 are entitled to no consideration whatever. The four and a half millions refusing to see the matter in that light, the two begin to blubber and then sneak from the field. That is about the sum and substance of the whole situation as it now presents itself.

The recall of Minister Christiancy from Peru is one of the acts of the present Administration which will command practically universal approval. There cannot possibly be any difference of opinion that the Government could not afford, with any pretense of self-respect, to continue among its diplomatic representatives one who has proved himself so utterly unworthy of the high distinction. General Hurlburt, who succeeds Mr. Christiancy, is at least a gentleman of decent life, and will no doubt perform his duties satisfactorily—if, indeed, he shall succeed, on reaching Peru, in finding a Government to report to.

Or the twenty Americans who have sent articles for exhibition at the great Electrical Exposition in Paris, nine will exhibit apparatus for lighting, with its accessories. Edison has sent twenty-one exhibits, including his telephone, electric light, quadruplex telegraph, etc. Two large rooms, which are allotted to him, will be lighted by his process. Professor Gray, of Chicago, will exhibit the harmonic telegraph. The United States Commission will have a pavilion for the special use of its members. The exhibit of the Smithsonian Institution will consist of documents, etc., relating to the subject of electricity and electrical inventions.

The *Commercial Bulletin* publishes a table showing that the number of miles of railroad actually constructed in this country during the year ending on the 1st of April last amounts to 6,113, the number of roads being 134. The number of miles projected amounts to 14,277, the number of roads being 182. The number of miles of road constructed in 1880 amounted to 6,241; in 1879 to 4,721; in 1878 to 2,687; in 1877 to 2,281; in 1876 to 2,712; in 1875 to 1,713; in 1874 to 2,105; in 1873 to 4,107; in 1872 to 5,878; in 1871 to 7,379; in 1870 to 6,070; in 1869 to 4,615. It is thus apparent that railroad construction is again approaching the maximum magnitude of former years. More miles were built in 1871 than in any other year. There were only 23 miles in operation in 1830; in 1831, 72 miles were constructed. The number of miles in operation in 1879 was 86,497.

RAILROAD syndicates are the order of the day. One has recently been formed in New York City, with sixteen millions of dollars of capital, for the purchase and building of an extension system of railroads from the Northwest and Southwest to the Atlantic coast. The purchases of existing lines embrace, it is said, the Macon and Brunswick, East Tennessee and Virginia system, the Selma, Rome and Dalton and the Memphis and Charleston Railroads, covering in all about 1,300 miles. It is understood that contracts for the construction of several hundred miles will at once be let, and the various systems connected. The projectors of the scheme declare that they will not discriminate in favor of any one port at the expense of others; the system, on the contrary, will feed almost every port on the South Atlantic coast as well as Norfolk by the new Norfolk and Western line by natural currents of trade.

In view of the recent disclosures affecting the integrity of ex-Senator Dorsey, it would seem that the Republican National Committee, whose secretary he is, has a duty to perform which cannot well be postponed. As the *Philadelphia Press* puts it: "If Mr. Dorsey cannot promptly exculpate himself, he must resign from that position or the committee must take steps to vindicate its own honor and dignity. The committee cannot permit itself to be compromised or scandalized. It cannot afford to falter in any measure of duty. It must have clean hands, and if Mr. Dorsey cannot show them he must step down and out." This is the language of a partisan journal, and it voices, no doubt, the sentiment of all right-

thinking Republicans. But we venture, nevertheless, to predict that if Mr. Dorsey shall determine to "stick," the committee will not have courage enough to eject him from the place he occupies.

A LIVELY controversy is in progress in Arkansas over what is known as the Fishback Amendment to the State Constitution. This amendment, provides that the General Assembly of the State shall have no power to levy a tax to pay either the principal or interest of bonds which were issued in aid of certain railway enterprises, and to assist in the construction of levees which were needed to protect portions of the State from overflow. The bonds amount to about \$12,000,000. The amendment, which makes them worthless in the hands of the holders, has been once rejected by a small majority, but the repudiators are not content to accept that result, and insist that it shall be again submitted to the people. Those who believe that the State should keep faith with its creditors are equally resolute in demanding that the decision already reached shall stand as the final determination of the question. The Democratic State Committee is endeavoring to bring about some adjustment of the controversy between the warring factions, but the prospect of success is not encouraging. The right thing for the people of the State to do is to pay the debt, or, if that is not possible, to make something like an equitable settlement with the holders of the bonds. The State will lose more by repudiating the debt, and so destroying its credit, than by paying it dollar for dollar—even if it be true, as represented, that there is practically nothing in the way of railways or levees to show for the outlay which the debt represents.

THE adoption of the international postal system has been followed in Europe by the application of the principle to the carriage of parcels, something after the plan by which fourth-class matter is carried in our mails. With the beginning of the present month there went into operation between France, Belgium, Switzerland and Germany an international parcel-post, by means of which packages of not exceeding six pounds in weight, or of greater dimensions than twenty-four inches on each side, are transported from one country to the other at charges varying from fifteen to twenty-five cents apiece. France has, at the same time, adopted an inland parcel-post for packages of similar weight and dimensions, with a uniform tariff of twelve cents apiece for transportation and five cents for delivery, while England is about to do the same as far as her home service is concerned, with the probability of soon taking part in the international system. With the exception of Holland, indeed, every country in Europe has signified its adherence to the scheme, and will join in before the end of the year. It will be noticed that the rates for the European service are lower than those charged here; while with us fourth-class matter pays one cent per ounce, or sixteen cents per pound, in France all packages up to six pounds will be sent for that price. The *Commercial Bulletin* very properly suggests that it would be well for Postmaster-General James to consider whether he cannot, without diminishing the revenues of the Department, adapt our system as to fourth-class matter, so far as relates to weight and rates, to the European standard.

A PAPER recently read before the Pennsylvania Medical Society by Dr. Lawrence Turnbull, ascribes many of the accidents which occur on railroads to deafness of employes, resulting from their peculiar employment. "This deafness," according to the writer, "is more dangerous than color-blindness as regards the signal code, because the latter is usually a congenital defect which can be defined precisely before the individuals are placed on active duty, while the deafness is an acquired disease, but slow in its approach, and sometimes unknown to the person affected; and a cold or injury diminishes the hearing more and more, or destroys it completely, if it is not properly and promptly treated." This view is fortified by the results of investigations made by one Ludwig Hirt, who, in order to gain an unprejudiced opinion, traveled repeatedly on the locomotive. His longest uninterrupted journey covered 325 English miles. He notes the following causes which act on engineers and firemen when traveling: First, the violent concussion; second, the uninterrupted straining of the eye and ear; third, the cutting air; fourth, the continuous erect position; fifth, the frequent change of temperature. The occasional troublesome or noxious influences are dust and irrespirable and poisonous gases. Hirt observed on himself and young firemen an increased frequency of pulse and respiration, pain in the knees and calves of the legs, exhaustion, weariness and excessive thirst and nausea, which, however, soon disappear. Whenever he traveled thirty-five to fifty miles without a stop, vertigo was perceived, associated with violent roaring in the ears, and he felt the urgent need of something to cling to. In addition to these symptoms, we have, in the case of engineers and firemen, the mental exertion of the most careful watchfulness and constant tension of the higher organs of sense. The statements here made are well worth the attention of railroad companies. Dr. Turnbull's suggestion that the ears of employes should be examined very carefully by a competent physician, before a certificate of fitness for duty is given, and that their functions should be accurately determined by the voice, watch, bells of various tones, signals and other known tests, is, to say the least of it, a reasonable one. Its general adoption might result in the prevention of many disasters which now seem unaccountable.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE army-worm has made its appearance in Northern New York, destroying all kinds of vegetation.

THE Whittaker Court has adjourned until the 1st of June, all the testimony for the defendant being in.

ONE hundred and twenty-three lawyers were graduated by the Columbia College Law School on the 18th instant.

THREE miners were killed and several seriously injured by the caving-in of an ore-chamber in the Golden Terra Mine, near Deadwood, May 20th.

A STATE CONVENTION of Temperance Reformers in Ohio has resolved to oppose all candidates for public office who will not agree to support temperance laws.

GENERAL GRANT's railroad contract has been approved by the Mexican Chamber of Deputies with one slight amendment. Important amendments were voted down. It now goes to the Senate.

SENATORS RANSOM, Jones (of Nevada), Kellogg, Conger and Vest, of the Committee on Commerce, will sit during the recess to inquire into the condition of the Potomac River front of Washington.

A CONVENTION of one hundred North Carolina colored Republicans, held last week at Raleigh, demanded recognition from the Administration, and denounced the white Republicans of the State.

THE United States Senate adjourned *sine die* on May 20th. All the important nominations made by the President were confirmed except that of William E. Chandler for Solicitor-General, which was rejected, 19 to 24.

JUDGE ROBERTSON will not enter upon his duties as Collector of this Port until the adjournment of the Legislature. Collector Merritt will go to London as Consul-General as soon thereafter as he can arrange to do so.

THE amount of five per cent. bonds covered by notices and the actual receipt of bonds for continuance at 3½ per cent., up to May 21st, aggregated \$189,114,300. The amount of six per cent. received for continuance aggregated \$173,264,250.

COPIES of the Oxford edition of the Revised New Testament, sent to this country and stored in advance, were put on sale in the principal cities on May 20th. The advance sale reached 80,000 copies. More than 300,000 were disposed of on the day of issue.

THE New York Senate has adopted a Street-cleaning Bill which is acceptable to the Assembly. The Superintendent is to be appointed for six years, at a salary of \$6,000, by the Mayor, with the approval of the Board of Health, two affirmative votes sufficing if three ballots fail to confirm or reject.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL WARD has instituted a suit, in the name of the State, for the dissolution of the Manhattan (Elevated) Railway Company and the appointment of a Receiver. The concern as at present organized does not pay its way. It owes the city in taxes nearly \$1,000,000 which it cannot pay.

THE tide of immigration pours in without diminution. It is estimated that the arrivals during May will reach fully 70,000, or about 7,000 more than arrived during the entire year of 1877, when but 63,855 immigrants were landed. The figures this month may even exceed the total figures for the year 1875, when 75,035 immigrants reached this port.

At the annual meeting of the National Board of Fire Underwriters in New York City, last week, it was reported that during the past year 293 companies received \$61,934,805.70 in fire, and \$8,043,056.51 in marine and inland premiums. The losses were about \$33,518,608 by fire and \$5,734,027.99 otherwise. The profits of the business were \$7,521,423.45, out of which \$1,940,327.59 was earned by foreign companies.

A LETTER from General Grant is published in which he says the nomination of Judge Robertson is an "insult" to Mr. Conkling, which should be "resented to the bitter end." General Grant also complains that General Badeau has been removed from the London Consulate. The ex-President errs if he supposes that the public will sympathize with his demand that his peculiar pets and favorites shall be for ever sed at the public crib.

SECRETARY BLAINE laid before the Senate last week a long report, accompanied by correspondence, relating to the case of Michael P. Boyton, now under arrest in Ireland. Boyton claimed the protection of the United States Government as an American citizen, which, Mr. Blaine says, he undoubtedly believed himself to be; but the proof of the fact is defective. In its absence, Mr. Blaine sees no way of extending him any relief.

THE Commission constituted by the last Legislature of New Jersey to prepare amendments to the State Constitution has organized, with Hon. H. N. Conger as chairman. One of the amendments proposed is for taxing corporate property on the same basis as individual property, excepting that of municipal corporations, and that corporations now enjoying exemption from tax, total or partial, shall be compensated out of the State Treasury.

Foreign.

THE negotiations for a new commercial treaty between England and France are progressing satisfactorily.

THE new Hungarian loan of £16,000,000 four per cent. gold rentes has been subscribed many times over, and closes at three per cent. premium.

THE excess of French revenue from indirect taxes over the budget estimates during the first half of the month of May amounted to 5,500,000 francs.

A PAPAL bull just issued modifies many of the conclusions of the Committee of Cardinals. The general scope lessens the parochial system. The bull is especially intended to affect the United States and Canada.

BISMARCK is enforcing the Socialist Law with great vigor in Berlin, and several leading members of the society will shortly be expelled from Leipzig, three leading members of the Socialist faction in the Reichstag being among the number.

A NUMBER of tenants in County Limerick, Ireland, who were about to be evicted last week, took possession of and barricaded a large castle on the estate, and for a day successfully defied the military and police. The writs, however, were finally executed.

It is announced that the Prince of Bulgaria will demand the appointment of a Council composed of foreigners and a seven-year dictatorship, with power to issue decrees, except in regard to taxation. At the expiration of the seven years he will submit a scheme for the reform of the Constitution.

THE peasants are sacking the Jewish quarters in the towns along the Russo-Austrian frontier. The rich Jews are escaping into Austria, but their poor brethren are at the mercy of the mob. The Nihilists are encouraging the peasants, with a view of bringing on a conflict with the civil and military authorities. The Jews in England will send a deputation to Lord Granville on the subject.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 235.



M. ROUSTAN, FRENCH CONSUL.



AFRICA.—A DETACHMENT OF KROUMIRS IN AMBUSCADE, TUNIS.



M. MACCIO, ITALIAN CONSUL.



CHIOS.—DIGGING OUT THE WOUNDED AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.



AFRICA.—ENCAMPMENT OF THE BEY'S TROOPS ON THE TUNIS FRONTIER.



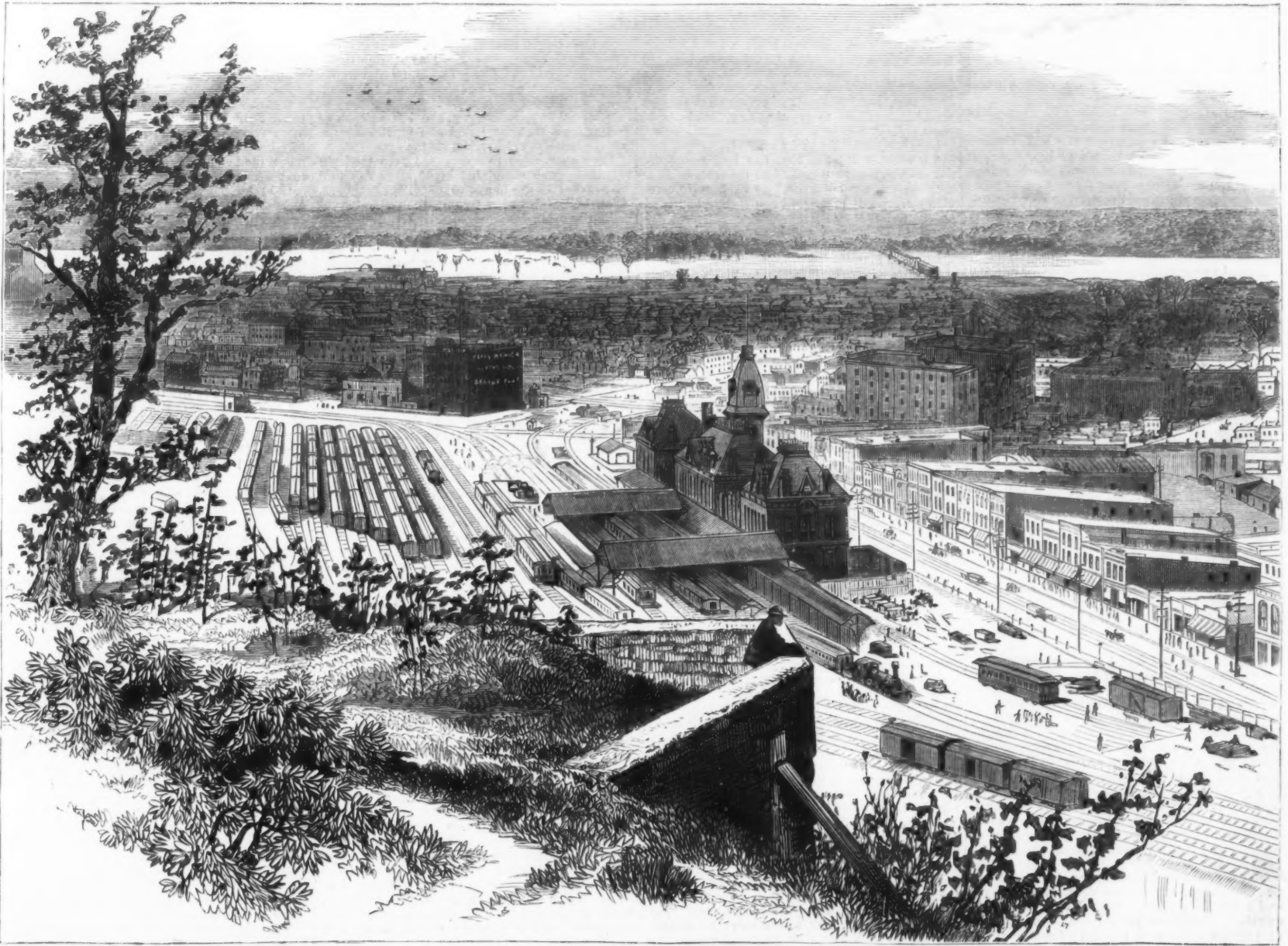
ENGLAND.—MARRIAGE OF LORD BROOKE AND MISS MAYNARD, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



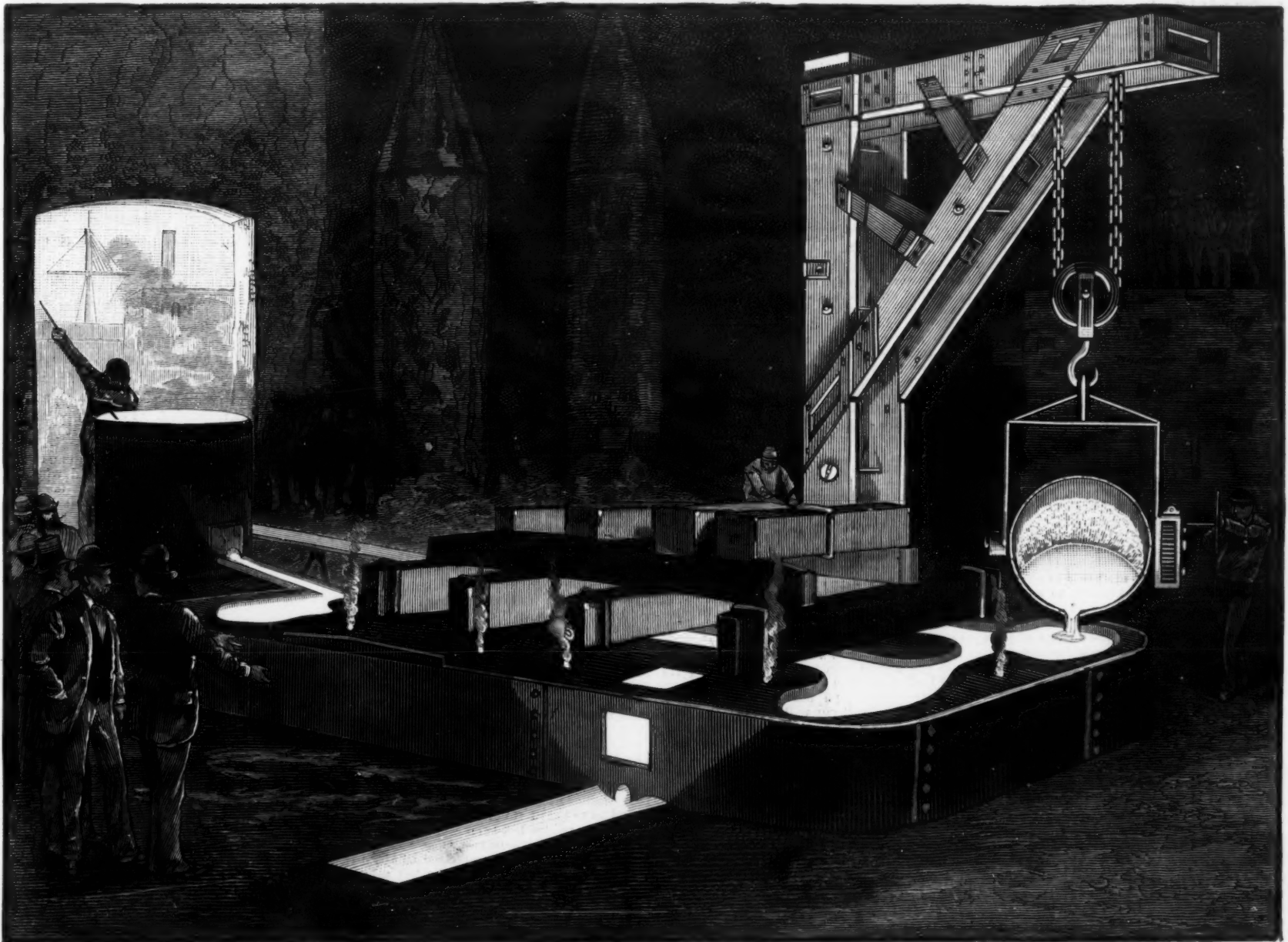
ENGLAND.—ROWLAND HILL'S SURREY CHAPEL, LONDON.



IRELAND.—TILLING THE FARM OF AN IMPRISONED LAND-LEAGUER.



MISSOURI.—VIEW OF WEST KANSAS CITY, LOOKING FROM THE UPPER TOWN, AND SHOWING PART OF KANSAS CITY, KANSAS.—FROM A PHOTO. BY M. B. BOWER.—SEE PAGE 235.



NEW YORK CITY.—CASTING A SIXTY-THOUSAND-POUND STEAMSHIP BED-PLATE AT THE MORGAN IRON-WORKS, MAY 17TH.—SEE PAGE 235.

CHRISTIANA.

A MAN—an American, you could see at a glance—sat on a projecting rock on the side of a mountain in Germany, one Summer day, and looked down upon a rural scene below.

A little cottage stuck like a bird's nest in the mountain side; an open door; a slender woman's form at a wheel, the sun shining down upon her golden braids of hair that fell almost to the ground; a man near her in a wooden chair, smoking his pipe.

"A pretty picture," mused the American—Carl Westoven, of New York. "What a difference between the life of that woman and some of our Society dames. I wonder if she is young?"

And, having nothing better to do, our friend sauntered, or rather scrambled, down the mountain side, and presented himself at the door of the cottage. In very good German he begged for a drink of water.

The florid-faced, kindly-eyed man in the wooden chair took his pipe from his mouth and called out in his native tongue to the girl—for she was young—at the wheel:

"Bring the stranger a glass of water, Christiana"—and then to Carl—"you are a foreigner, eh, from the hotel yonder?"

Carl responded in the affirmative.

"Yes, from the hotel, and he had been rambling about the mountains all day, until he had grown tired and thirsty." Just then Christiana returned with a glass of water, which she handed to the stranger, her eyes modestly cast down.

He took it, bowed, drank, with his eyes on her face, and found her both young and fair. A lovely complexion, wonderful hair, long curling eyelashes, and a mouth like a grieving child. When she lifted the drooped lids, as he thanked her and returned the glass, he saw that her eyes were "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," with a look in their depths that corresponded with the droop of her mouth.

"Longing for something better than she has known," quoted Carl. "No doubt she is sighing for the great world which I am so weary of. How lovely she is!"

"Would you not sit down and rest?" mine host continued, as Christiana returned to her wheel, and Carl seemed about to move on. And glad of a few moments longer, during which he might sit facing the blonde maiden, he took the proffered chair and fell into converse with mine host, who very soon gave him a brief history of himself and family, in response to Carl's query if this mountain nook had always been his home.

"Yes, and the home of my father before me. This house is the same that I was born in, and I played a child in this yard, even as my daughter Christiana yonder did. But that bit of pasture land and the field beyond—both mine now—I have added to my inheritance. My father had only this house and a few sheep when he died, and left me to care for my aged mother. And she, too, died a few years later, and then I married Marguerite, who used to watch her sheep beside my own when I was a boy. And now we have many herds of sheep and both those fields yonder, and not a debt in the world; and we are growing old, and there will be no one but Christiana to inherit all we possess. But Christiana is a good girl, and a frugal girl, and will not waste it unless she marries some spendthrift rascal who will waste it for her."

"But she will not do that," Carl ventures, to encourage his companion to proceed, for he was curious to know more of Christiana, who was still at her wheel, her eyes cast down and the sun glinting on her hair.

"Oh, I do not know. One can never tell what a girl may do. Christiana seems in no hurry to wed—she has refused the finest young fellow for miles about, Hassan Oronoff, who has the fattest sheep in the whole country. I would gladly have seen her marry him, and told him so; but Christiana, she would none of him. And so I worry sometimes about her, for it is the girls who are too particular who pick up the crooked stick at last. But there is Frau Marguerite calling us to supper, and will you not come in and share it with us? It is a long walk back to your hotel, and you will need something to refresh you before you set forth, even if it is only the plain fare of a mountaineer."

And Carl accepted, first informing his kind host that his name was Carl Westoven, and that he was an American tourist.

"And mine is Hans Schiegel, at your service, sir," mine host responded. "But you cannot be all a foreigner if your name is Carl! That is a German name, as well as Hans."

Carl laughed.

"Yes," he said, "my mother was an American born German. I learned to speak the language from her, and I love the land and its people."

And an hour later our friend was chatting very sociably with the blonde maiden whom he had watched from his seat on the mountain side, while he wondered if she was young.

He found to his surprise and delight that she spoke English very correctly, and with only a charming accent. She read it, too, very readily.

"How is it?" he queried. "Have you been to an English school?"

No, she had not been at school, but four years ago she had met some American people, who had spent the Summer thereabouts, and she had learned to speak the language, and she had studied it a great deal ever since, in spare hours.

"Some Americans! Who were they? Perhaps I may know them."

Christiana dropped her lids again.

"Oh, there were two or three—one an artist, who made sketches for some great paper, a Mr. Regal. I believe that is the name; but one forgets, you know, after years."

"Regal!" cried Carl. "Is it possible? Why,

to be sure, I remember his sketches in the papers that Summer. And did you know him well, then?"

"No, not well. He was reserved and did not talk much to me, though he let me look at his pictures sometimes, and once came to the house to finish some sketches one day, and I gave him bread and milk. I remember that so well. He talked to me that day," and Christiana sighed.

Carl looked at the girl narrowly.

"I wonder if she, too, has had an *affaire d'amour*, and with Regal?" he thought.

"Regal is a good artist," he said. "He married a friend of mine—a beautiful girl—about six years ago."

"Yes; he showed me her picture that day, with others. I remember it well. He was a kind, good man."

When Carl walked home to his hotel that night he carried the face of the German girl in his memory.

"She is so naïve, so fresh, so fair," he said—"so unspoiled! I must see her again."

Before he slept he took from his pocket a little leather case, in which lay the portrait of another girl's face—a brilliant face, with sparkling eyes and a spirited expression, and framed in a mass of rich dark hair, stylishly coiffured. It was the face of one of Society's belles—Edith Morrow.

"How different, how different!" he mused; "and yet both are beautiful. But one is as God made her—the other spoiled by the world and society. One has a heart to love with—the other a heart worn with the praise of many tongues." And he closed the case, and replaced it in his pocket, and retired to his couch to dream of long eyelashes and blonde hair and a pretty German accent.

Carl Westoven had left America in a bitter frame of mind. He was a bachelor of thirty-two, of independent fortune and luxurious tastes. He had experienced a score of *affaires de cœur*, and at last had felt a genuine attachment for one of Society's belles—Edith Morrow. She stirred his heart with a power he vainly strove to combat; for, like most *blâsés* men, he wanted a wife who had no "past"—no experiences in matters of the heart. And Edith Morrow had been a belle for fully eight years, had been engaged twice to his actual knowledge, and had had half the men of his set crazy about her one time or another. He had always felt a contempt for this sort of woman—had openly expressed his disgust for Edith Morrow long before he met her. Yet, when they did meet, in spite of it all he found himself following in the footsteps of his predecessors and falling in love with her—she was so bright, so full of life and fire and magnetism, so witty, and so apparently free from any idea of desire of conquest. He had fancied her full of airs and affectations. But so soon as he realized his danger—knew that he was falling a victim to her fascinations—he fled. He was too much a man of the world, too wise, not to know that Edith Morrow was quite as much in earnest with him as he with her. It was no flirtation. He could win her and keep her if he chose to stay.

"But what man wants a woman who has given the best of herself, of her affections, to one or a half-dozen others?" he asked himself, bitterly. "I do not want a wife who has been in love with another man, much less one who has been engaged two or three times. My wife must give me the first and best and only love of her heart."

So he had gone abroad. And now he had met a girl quite as beautiful in her way as Edith Morrow, and wholly unspoiled by the world. He thought of her the first thing on awakening in the morning.

"She could be made into a glorious woman," he soliloquized. "A year or two of travel, fashionable attire, a little teaching, and she would be superb. She has such perfect repose of manners already, and I know by her face she has an affectionate nature, and would worship the man who gave her all these advantages and was kind to her."

So with more serious thoughts concerning her than the fair Christiana dreamed of, Carl Westoven made his way to the cottage again the day following his first sight of her, and for many days after. And at the end of two weeks he had asked her to be his wife, and she had referred him to her father.

"I will marry you if he does not forbid it," she said, precisely as she would have said, "I will get you a meal of victuals if he is willing."

Carl, secretly disappointed at Christiana's lack of emotion, yet believing that she simply controlled her feelings, laid his suit before Herr Schiegel.

The old man rubbed his eyes, and looked at Carl in amazement.

"Eh, marry our Christiana! A nice man you would be to tend the sheep and till the land. No, no; we should all come to want!"

Carl laughed. "But I have money enough to live without your sheep, Herr Schiegel. And I will buy you a hundred more besides, and pay a good man for taking care of them; and I will build you a new house, and buy you a meerschaum pipe that a king might be proud to smoke, if you will let me make Christiana my wife next week and carry her away with me. I will promise to bring her home to you for a visit every Summer, and I will be kind to her, I give you my word of honor."

Herr Schiegel sighed.

"Well, well," he said, "you can take her if she will go. Christiana is a strange girl. I would rather see her married to a good man who is of her own class, and settled near me, but Christiana has high notions in her head. Four years ago, when she was but sixteen, and used to watch the sheep on the mountain side before I had that bit of pasture land fenced in, some Americans saw her and praised her pretty face, and talked to her of the great world, and ever since then she has looked with a good deal of scorn on our mountain lads. I suppose she will be glad to go with

you, sir, and if you use her well, and buy me the sheep you speak of, I cannot complain."

And so Carl bore away his bride from her mountain home, and from the clinging arms of Frau Marguerite, who wept as if her heart would break. Christiana, too, showed a depth of feeling that was a revelation to Carl, when she parted from her mother.

"For all her composure, she has a depth of feeling," he thought, "and she must love me very intensely, cold as she seems."

They proceeded to Paris and remained six months. Carl robbed his bride elegantly and placed her in the hands of excellent teachers. Then he employed a "companion" to travel with them a year, and to speak nothing but French to her young mistress. Christiana possessed a sweet, clear soprano voice, and in Italy she was placed under the best teachers. Her progress was flattering, and Carl became every day more and more enamored of his beautiful wife.

Yet, while Christiana was ever sweet and kind, she never exhibited any great degree of affection for him. She often expressed her gratitude, but never her love. Yet Carl was quite content.

"She is beautiful and true," he mused, "and her acquirements are already equal to many women born to the advantages she has enjoyed but a year. And all her thoughts and dreams are mine. There is no man anywhere who shares one thought of hers—she has no old 'affairs' to sigh over."

When they had been married nearly a year, Carl met one of his American friends abroad.

"Lovely wife you have," said the friend, when they were alone together. "But, hang it! old fellow, it was hard on the fair Edith—this marriage of yours. She took it hard, too."

"What do you mean?" asked Carl, with a sudden pain at his heart.

"Why, I mean Miss Morrow, whom everybody knew was at last in love, and with you, and whom we all thought you were quite 'gone' over before you went abroad. And when she heard of your marriage, hang me! old fellow, but she fainted dead away at the opera. Only a few of us knew what the cause was—it was called 'heat' and 'sudden indisposition,' etc.—but we who were in the secret knew. And she was ill for some weeks."

"You must mistake the cause," Carl replied, coldly. "Miss Morrow's heart was not fresh enough to feel anything so deeply as that, and, besides, there was nothing like an 'affair' between us."

"Oh, hang it! you know you were quite struck with her, as we all have been one time or another," answered the young American, bluntly; "but your hopes of success were brighter than any of your predecessors had been. Edith loved you, old fellow, no doubt about it, and she isn't the same girl since your marriage," and the friend moved away and left Carl to his meditations.

He looked at Edith Morrow's picture again that night for the first time since he was married. Then he put it away, determined never to see it again. Somehow, the very picture seemed to possess more fire and magnetism than the woman herself whom he had made his wife. And it stirred him as no look from Christiana's eyes ever had.

They went for a brief visit to Christiana's old home, then for another year of travel, and then home to New York. Carl felt willing to let any of his most fastidious friends see his wife now. She spoke French and English with only a charming accent, she spoke her own language perfectly, and she sang beautifully. Her dresses were all rich and elegant, her form and carriage superb, and as for the ways of society, Carl felt sure her repose would carry her through all that without any trouble.

News of her beauty had preceded her, and Carl found all his friends ready to do his lovely wife homage. She was the "rage" at once, but she bore all the adulation, compliments and flattery just as she bore Carl's attentions—with perfect coldness.

"An icicle," thought Carl, as he watched her day after day in the whirl of her new life—always calm, composed, undemonstrative. "An icicle, but all mine."

They had been in New York several weeks, when one afternoon a lady, whom Carl knew to be a great lover of gossip, called. She was very affable and pleasant, but just as she was about to take her departure, she turned to Carl with a sweet smile and the words:

"Your old flame, Edith Morrow, has returned to the city after a few weeks' absence, Mr. Westoven. She ran away when you were coming home, but she has regained her courage, I daresay, for she told me she was coming to call to-morrow. Ah, you were a sad flirt, Carl!—and Edith has never been quite the same since the affair. But, dear me, I don't blame you since I have seen your wife—no one could. Only—turning to Christiana—only, dear Mrs. Westoven, you must keep an eye upon him, and see that he does not go back to his old ways, for he used to be a wicked flirt!" And the kind lady smiled, kissed her gloved hand and tripped away.

Carl felt his face slowly crimsoning under her words, and it was long before he dared lift his eyes to his wife's face; but when he did he found it calm, fair and serene in expression, as usual. He went and sat down by her.

"You do not mind what this old gossip says of me, Christiana?"

Christiana looked him quietly in the eyes.

"I have heard it before," she said. "More than one person has been kind enough to tell me of this girl whom you once loved. And now I think you ought to tell me all about it."

She was so calm, so mild, he felt ashamed of himself for not having told her something of the affair before. But he had found it very hard to talk of Edith Morrow to her. Now he knew he must; so he told her briefly.

"It was nothing. Only he was somewhat attentive to this Miss Morrow, and might have grown to love her had she been a different

woman. But she was a sad flirt—a coquette—and had had one or two affairs of the heart, and he could not bring himself to take the leavings—the crumbs—of any woman's heart. So he went away, and never dreamed she would care, but it seemed she did."

"I am sorry for her," Christiana said, with a tremor in her voice. "I am very sorry for her. She must have felt very, very unhappy after you had gone across the wide ocean and left her. I think nothing can be so sad as to have the ocean lie between you and one you love—hopelessly love!"

Carl looked at his wife in surprise. Her eyes were wide open, and looking far away; her sweet mouth drooped at the corners, her voice trembled. How strange that she, usually so cold, so unmoved, should feel so deeply a former rival's heartache. Carl began to think his wife was a mystery—a riddle.

He tried to be absent the following afternoon—"business called him out during calling hours"—but Edith Morrow was late making her call, and he met her on the stairs as she was coming out. She had changed—he could see that; but she gave him a bright smile and a pleasant word of greeting, and he was the more agitated of the two.

Christiana saw that he was paler than usual when he entered.

"You met your old friend on the stairs, did you not?" she queried. "I think she is very lovely. I wonder you did not marry her, Carl!"

He looked at her uneasily. Did she see his agitation—the agitation he could not control at the sight—at the thought—of Edith Morrow? "You know why," he answered. "I do not want a wife who has only the remnant of a heart for me. I want all or nothing."

She flashed her eyes upon him for a second with a look he had never seen before.

"And suppose I should want all or nothing of my husband's heart," she queried, "how very unfortunate it would be for me, would it not?" And then she laughed. "But, no," she added, "it is not so with me. I am quite content to be *last*. I think that is best, after all. And I am very, very sorry for Miss Westoven for all she has suffered, and that my gain should be her loss." And for the first time since their marriage Christiana slipped her hand into her husband's of her own accord, and rested her head upon his shoulder. It makes a possession so doubly dear to know another covets it.

Two months later Carl sent a note home to his wife one night, saying he had been invited out to a club supper, given in honor of two old friends of his who had just returned from China. "I saw Mrs. Barclay," he added, "and she is to call for you to attend the theatre with her to-night. I will join you there later in the evening."

The club supper was a success, given in honor of Grant Somers, and Regal, the artist, whom Carl had not seen during several years. "I hear you have married a beautiful foreigner," Grant Somers said, during the evening. "I was surprised, for the last news before that was that you and *la belle Morrow* were to go to the altar. How was that?"

Carl had been drinking wine freely, and was in that excited state that makes a man's tongue loose and his wits scarce. Had he been himself, he certainly, if he laid claim to any breeding or worth whatever, would never have been guilty of speaking a lady's name in a club-room in the manner he now spoke of Miss Morrow.

"*La belle Morrow*?" he repeated—"why, what man wants to take a remnant of a woman's heart—a second place, even? The lady in question had had too many *affaires d'amour* to please me."

"Miss Morrow has been a great belle," Grant Somers answered, "but I never knew that she had ever been seriously interested in any man herself. And even if she had, is not last love most always better than first? I think so."

Grant Somers was a great "lady's man," and not altogether a man of principle, but he was careful in his speech of women, and did not like the way in which Carl spoke of Miss Morrow.

"It makes no difference to me what others think," Carl responded. "I could never take a second place in a woman's heart. It must be all or nothing."

An hour later the party broke up and proceeded to the theatre. Carl parted with his friends, Grant Somers and Regal, at the door, and sought out his wife. She was looking royally beautiful, and he was proud as he saw the glances of his friends from across the house fixed upon her.

"There are the two friends I dined with looking at you now," he whispered to her, "and, by-the-way, one of them is your old friend Regal. I wonder if he will know you?"

Christiana lifted her glass, glanced at the gentleman in question, and suddenly fainted away. There was a scene of confusion for a time, and Christiana was carried out, accompanied by her alarmed friend and husband. She recovered after a few moments, and said it was nothing at all, only the heat, but begged to be carried home. And Carl took her home, a wild storm gathering in his breast all the way.

Once there, alone in their room, he faced his wife. She was very white, very beautiful, as she sat there in her evening dress. He, too, was white and stern—so stern, she scarcely knew his face.

"So you lied to me," he began—"lied and deceived me concerning this artist, Regal; led me to think you scarcely remembered his name. Yet you faint away at sight of him. Woman, what was that man to you?"

She smiled wearily.

"He was nothing—nothing to me," she answered; "only a good friend at the last."

He ground his teeth in rage.

"Why do you try to deceive me now?" he cried; "you know it is useless, worse than

useless. Your swoon meant more than the heat of the room. It meant an emotion, the cause of which I swear I will know this night, or leave you for ever."

"You shall know the cause," she answered, very calmly, as she looked him full in the eyes, very quietly, very sadly. "I was strangely, strongly stirred to-night—stirred, perhaps, even as you were a few months ago when you met Edith Morrow on the stairs; for I saw a man who had been as much, or more, to me than she has been to you. No, not Regal, the artist, but his friend and yours—Grant Somers."

"Grant Somers!" repeated Carl, in amazement. "How is it that you never mentioned his name to me before?"

Christiana smiled, sadly and bitterly. "For the same reason, perhaps, that you never mentioned Edith Morrow's name to me," she said, "until you were compelled to, as I am compelled now. I could not mention it to you unnecessarily, and no occasion demanded it."

"Then I am to understand that—that this man was your lover?" Carl asked, his voice hoarse, his lips white.

"I loved him," answered Christiana, very simply, "and I thought he loved me. I was but sixteen then, a simple mountain girl. He came with Regal, the artist. I was watching my father's sheep that day, and they talked with me a long time. Mr. Somers came again and again. He told me of the great world; he said I was beautiful and fitted to adorn it. He made me dissatisfied with my simple surroundings and the people I had always known. He told me that he loved me, and he said that I must go away with him to the great world. I was very happy for a few days, and then Mr. Regal, the artist, came to me one day—the day of which I once spoke to you. He told me Mr. Somers was a wild, reckless young man, that he did not mean well by me, that he had left a beautiful girl, far above me in social position, in America, whom he was to marry; that I must not see Mr. Somers any more. But I did see him once more. I told him what his friend had said, and he laughed. 'It is quite true,' he said; 'I am very fond of you, Christiana, but I could never make you my wife.' When he said that, I turned and left him. He followed me, but I shut the door in his face. The next day he left the hotel, and I never saw him again until to-night."

Carl had listened with clinched teeth and hard-drawn breath. He was white as death, and trembling in every limb. He had married this mountain girl, and lifted her to his station in life, because he had believed her wholly unsophisticated—her heart entirely his own; and all the time she had loved another man.

"Go on," she said, as she paused—"tell me all."

"I have told you all," she replied, quietly—"all save the sorrow and the pain and the bitter loneliness of the months that followed! For one cannot kill love in a moment. I knew that Mr. Somers had not been a true friend to me, yet when I knew the wide sea lay between us I was very, very lonely. And when you came I think I cared for you just because you were an American, at first, and I married you because you would take me to the world where he belonged!"

"Great God! and you dare tell me this to my face!" he cried.

"Yes—I am going to tell you the whole truth. I married you without loving you, and in a very little time I learned that you did not love me. I heard you speak another woman's name in your sleep. I saw you look at her picture. I heard what that young man in London told you, and I saw how unhappy you were for days afterwards. Then I felt very sorry for you, as indeed I did for myself. But after a time I felt differently—remember I am telling you the truth, Carl—I grew to love you; but I knew you did not care for me, and I would not trouble you with it. But I have been very unhappy for many months. To-night, when I saw that man so suddenly and unexpectedly, it came upon me like a blow. It was not love of him. It was more like fear, and a strange rising up of my past before me. That was all. It was not the emotion which made you so white and trembling when you met Edith Morrow, Carl."

Carl had risen, and was excitedly walking to and fro. The revelation was so unexpected, so startling. The knowledge that his wife had loved another man somehow made her seem doubly precious. Edith Morrow seemed a distant dream. Christiana was the only woman in the world, and she was lost to him!

He put his hand over his eyes.

"Oh, God, I cannot bear it!" he cried. "I thought you were all mine, Christiana."

She rose up and came and stood before him. There were tears in her beautiful eyes, and she put her white arms about his neck.

"I am all yours," she said—"all yours, Carl, if you will only love me. And, dear, you must be very good to me—very kind to me, even if you cannot love me—for our child's sake."

Carl Westoven looked down on the fair, flushed, tear-wet face of his beautiful wife, and he drew her to his breast in a sudden passion of ardent love and unutterable tenderness.

"Let the past all go," he whispered. "Let us forget everything but our present and our future, my darling. No matter what has been in either life, we belong to each other now, for ever and ever till death parts us."

"Till death parts us," she repeated, softly, and it seemed to both that they were newly wedded.

A few weeks later Carl Westoven and his wife were bidden to the wedding festivities of Edith Morrow. Grant Somers was one of the guests, but though Christiana chatted pleasantly with him, she showed no trace of emotion in his presence. Carl noticed, who, it must be confessed, watched her narrowly. And Christiana was equally happy in seeing her husband so unmoved as he congratulated the

fair bride, who had no longer any sway over the heart that was at last wholly her own.

That was years ago. And this very Summer, Carl and Christiana, and their beautiful fair-haired boy, are sojourning in the mountain home, with the dear old parents, who, thanks to Carl's generosity, have every comfort and many of the luxuries of life, and who worship above all earthly objects their blue-eyed grandson.

ANOTHER ENORMOUS CASTING.

WE gave in a recent issue an illustration of the process of casting an enormous steamship cylinder at the Morgan Iron Works in New York City. This week we supplement this illustration by a picture of the casting, by John Roach & Son, at the same works, of a large iron bed-plate for the Fall River steamer *Puritan*, which was accomplished successfully on the afternoon of the 17th instant. The scene of the casting was one of peculiar interest. The iron in the furnaces having been melted to a white incandescent fluid, the furnaces were tapped, letting the metal flow in a brilliant white stream into two large ladles. From these large ladles the iron was poured into smaller ones of 200 pounds capacity, each of which was carried by four men and emptied into one large tank-ladle of seventeen tons capacity, and into two smaller tank-ladles of seven tons capacity each. As the liquid metal was poured into the tank-ladles it sent clusters of shining white stars flying into the air and over the persons of the workmen. Charcoal was poured on the iron to keep out the cold air from the top, and thus prevent the metal from forming a crust and cracking. The large tank was placed immediately above the mold of the bed-plate, and the two smaller ones on the opposite side were suspended by chains to a large crane. The immense mold was thirty-seven feet long and fourteen feet wide. To construct it, about 2,000 feet of timber was used, for the frame had first to be made of wood, and the clay molded to that. The entire mold was covered by a roof of bricks, into which the ducts for conducting the molten metal were cut. At length all was ready. The tank-ladles were full and all the men were at their posts. Foreman Gaynor stood on an elevated position at the head of the mold, near the big tank. The smaller tank-ladles were swung round to the edge of the mold, the tank was tapped, and immediately after a white, shining stream flowed out with a whirling, bubbling sound, raising a fierce white flame along its track. When the smaller tanks were tapped the liquid iron illuminated the entire foundry, and raised the temperature about thirty degrees. A cheer rose from the workmen when the plate had been cast successfully, after which they began shoveling sand on the superfluous molten iron, to prevent rapid cooling off. The plate, when trimmed down and completed, will be twenty-one feet nine inches long, twelve feet six inches wide and three and one-quarter inches thick.

HISTORY AND RAILROAD INTERESTS OF KANSAS CITY, MO.

THE opening of the new railroad line from Kansas City, Mo., to San Francisco, in March last, adds another page to the wonderful history of the former city. The city is built on the high bluffs in the great bend of the Missouri River, just below the mouth of the Kaw, or Kansas, on the south bank, at the point which is at the same time the furthest west on navigable waters and still is in a geographical location so central as to make tributary to it the produce of the fertile south lands and the pastoral wealth of the plains.

In the early part of its existence as a town it was called Westport Landing. A portion of the land now embraced within the city limits was entered about 1839 by Gabriel Prudhomme, and the greater part of the remainder between that period and 1847. Up to the close of the war the growth of the place was comparatively slow. The discovery of gold in California was of little advantage to the town in the way of emigration. In 1851 it was almost depopulated by the cholera; the crash of 1857 did no perceptible damage, and the Border Ruffian war, as it was called, created among its settlers a passing excitement only.

When the rebellion broke out Kansas City was one of the most flourishing and attractive towns on the entire frontier, and counted a population of 7,000. The war raged around it, a fort was erected on the spot where Broadway now intersects Tenth Street, and earthworks were constructed for its defense. The city was never in the hands of the Confederate troops, but its proximity to the ground in conflict made it undesirable as a dwelling-place, and at the close of the struggle its population had decreased to about 2,500.

Long and dark days then ensued, with no indication of the prosperity in the near future. But the skies brightened on the first day of October, 1865, when the track of the Pacific Railroad of Missouri was completed to its centre. From that day the history of the city has been one continued succession of marvels in the astonishing rapidity with which population has poured into it, and the swift and gigantic strides it has taken towards the assumption of metropolitan proportions. Following the Missouri Pacific came the Kansas Pacific, Hannibal and St. Joseph, North Missouri, Missouri River, Fort Scott and Gulf, Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs, and the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railroads. A little later on, the Chicago and Alton began running trains there by way of the North Missouri line, and in March last, the last rail connecting the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road with the Southern Pacific having been laid, a train was dispatched from Kansas City, going by way of Southern Kansas, Southeastern Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California to San Francisco. Besides these accomplished interests, there are others either in process of development or under consideration.

On the 4th of July, 1869, Kansas City opened to the public the first bridge across the Missouri River, which has done away with the tedious system of ferriage, and transferred the freightage of the railroads, that formerly terminated at Harlem, from the Levee to the Bottom, or West Kansas, a large lot of bottom lands between the Kansas River and the bluffs on which the greater part of the city stands. In these bottoms were situated the various depots of the roads which centred in the city, except the city depot of the Missouri Pacific, which was on the Levee. As will be seen in our illustration, a large union passenger depot has been erected there for the accommodation of all the railroads.

Since the railroad business has been transferred to West Kansas that locality has assumed the proportions of a thriving city itself, for, in addition to this vast interest, the large beef and pork-packing establishments which have, in the first-named item at least, placed Kansas City at the head of the world, are located here. Besides the agricultural resources upon which Kansas City will rely for her support, in which, of course, are included the pastoral productions of the Great Plains, the mineral wealth that now contributes to her power is enormous, and it is to a great extent scarcely begun to be opened up. Coal is found in inexhaustible quantities of good quality all around and within easy reach. In the eastern tier of Kansas counties and the western tier of Missouri the coal-beds are of almost boundless extent, and it is found in other portions of the two States contiguous. Missouri is well known as one of the richest of the States in iron deposits, and many other minerals of commercial value are found

within the scope of country which falls directly tributary to Kansas City. The lead-mines of Southwestern Missouri are daily becoming more productive, and the greater part of this must necessarily go that way. All these things must in the end build it up as a manufacturing centre, for these crude materials must be fashioned into shape in order to be made useful. The people living in the West must be supplied with implements made from these or other similar materials. All the accessories are there now but the capital to engage in manufacturing enterprises—there is cheap fuel, the crude ores, plenty of water, and the manufactured articles can be turned out there cheaper than they can be put there after two transportation charges are made.

There have been few inland cities in any land so favorably situated for the development of great commercial power as is the City of Kansas. Its commanding position was appreciated by the president Benton, when he pointed to the present location of the city as the future seat of empire for the West. Then all around was wilderness, and but few there were who thought that Benton's augury would ever be realized. The present site of the city was a mass of high bluffs, interspersed with deep ravines, the whole covered with dense primeval forests.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The French Expedition to Tunis.

The invasion by the French of the territory of the Bey of Tunis, a vassal of the Turkish Empire, is ostensibly justified by the necessity of punishing an unruly frontier tribe, called the Kroumirs, who have committed some acts of violence across the border of Algeria. The two border tribes, the Kroumirs and the Oashtettas, occupy a wild and hilly debatable ground which lies on the eastern frontier of Algeria, and extends from within some forty miles of the Mediterranean down to the confines of the Sahara. The Kroumirs, though brave and wild, decline to meet the French in the open, but carry on a guerrilla warfare among the mountains, where it is almost impossible for trained troops to follow them. In this they are favored by nature, as they are accustomed to riding the strong, active Arabian horses almost from the time they leave their mothers' laps. M. Roustan, the diplomatic representative of France at Tunis, was born at La Cuvette (Bouches-du-Rhône) in 1836, and has for many years held consular office in various parts of the East—at Beyrout, Smyrna, Cairo, in Palestine and Alexandria, and has in many difficult situations preserved intact the honor and rights of his country. Towards the end of the year 1874 M. Roustan was nominated Consul-General in charge of affairs at Tunis, and within a month he has been promoted to a full Ambassadorship. Signor Maccio, the Consul-General of Italy, is a man of fifty-five, and in every position that he has held has been, according to French statements, a bitter enemy of France and the French. He urged the Bey to resist the demands of M. Roustan, and, it is claimed, found a willing conductor in Mustapha-Ben-Ismaïl, the Bey's Minister of Foreign Affairs. We have already alluded to the various charges by and against the leading men in this quarrel.

After the Earthquake at Chios.

An eye-witness of the destruction caused by the earthquake on the island of Chios, writing shortly after the calamity, says: "The aspect of the plain of Vounaki is heart-rending. Between 40,000 and 50,000 persons of all ages and both sexes are camped here and there in the open ground. There are as yet but few tents to shelter them, and old and young, sick and well, and dead men in some places, are scattered indiscriminately about the place. Parents wander from group to group in the crowd, seeking their children, and endeavoring to persuade themselves that their darlings will be found among the living. Not a single baking-house in the whole island is left standing, and the entire population was without food until aid could arrive from the exterior. What a fearful night was that of the 3d! Thousands of people were huddled together in the plain, without lights or food, expecting every moment would be their last." The first organized relief parties were composed of the officers and men of the men-of-war of various nations then at Smyrna. As soon as news of the disaster reached that port all the vessels steamed to the island with such needed articles as could be gathered in haste. Our illustration gives a view of officers, sailors and Sisters of Charity extricating the wounded from the ruins and ministering to them.

Wedding of England's Great Heiress.

On Saturday afternoon, April 30th, by special license, Lord Brooke, M.P., eldest son of the Earl of Warwick, was married to Miss Frances Evelyn Maynard, eldest daughter of the Countess of Rosslyn and the late Colonel the Hon. Charles H. Maynard, and granddaughter of Henry, third and last Viscount Maynard. The wedding took place at Westminster Abbey, in the presence of several members of the Royal family and a very numerous congregation, including many of the aristocracy. The bride is one of the most beautiful women in England, and as generous as she is beautiful. Under her father's will she inherited the whole of his immense wealth. Before her marriage she alienated a good share of the property and settled it on her only sister, who has just appeared in Society. She is the great heiress to whom rumor had it Prince Leopold, who acted as the groom's best man, was to have been married a year ago.

Rowland Hill's Chapel.

The demolition of the well-known circular meeting-house, or Dissenting Chapel, in Blackfriars Road, South-west, removes another familiar landmark of London social and religious history. It was opened as a free church by the Rev. Rowland Hill on June 8th, 1783. He continued to minister in it during fifty years, and died, at the age of eighty-eight, in the adjoining parsonage. He was frequently assisted by eminent ministers both of the Established and Nonconformist connections. The worship was a modified form of the Anglican Liturgy. Surrey Chapel was never identified with any denomination, but was a sort of neutral ground for all Christians. Rowland Hill's body was interred under the pulpit. Lord Hill, his nephew, then Commander-in-chief, was chief mourner. After an interval of four years the Rev. James Sherman was appointed the minister. He was followed after seventeen years by the Rev. Newman Hall, who was the pastor nearly twenty-seven years. In anticipation of the expiration of the lease, the congregation, aided by contributions from outside, purchased a freehold site in Westminster Bridge Road, and erected the present "Christ Church," with its adjoining "Hawthorne Hall," so named from the birthplace of the first founder, and the Lincoln Tower, commemorative of the abolition of American slavery. The total cost was £64,000, and the new chapel was opened for worship July 4th, 1876, when the congregation of Surrey Chapel, with their minister, migrated to it. Surrey Chapel has since been occupied by the Primitive Methodists.

Tilling the Farm of an Imprisoned Land Leaguer.

Since the British Parliament passed the Coercion Act it is estimated that between fifty and sixty persons have been arrested under it and lodged in Kilmalsham Jail, in Dublin. This is an ordinary criminal prison, which has been specially arranged for persons arrested under the new Act. The first party sent there was supplied with food and other necessities by the Land League, but recently the prisoners have adopted the regular fare to relieve the League of the burden. On St.

Patrick's Eve and the night of St. Patrick's Day the inmates were serenaded by the Land League, which body has also detailed a sufficient force to till the farms of such of the leaders as have been incarcerated there. A view of the jail appeared in No. 1,333 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A MOVEMENT has been started at Denver, Colorado, looking to a national mining and industrial exposition.

—A FIRE at Nashville, Tenn., May 17th, destroyed property to the value of \$500,000. Thirty-four buildings in all were destroyed.

—THE Kosciusko monument at West Point will be decorated on Decoration Day by the members of the Polish Union of New York City.

—A REPORT on the St. Gothard Railway shows that the entire line, including the tunnel, may be ready for traffic by the beginning of next winter.

—THE Senate Foreign Affairs Committee has reported back favorably the resolution asserting the American doctrine in regard to the interoceanic canal.

—SEVERAL well-known Scotch farmers are about to start on a tour through America with a view to obtain information regarding the prospects of agricultural emigrants.

—THE Ancient Order of Hibernians has a membership of 50,000. At the recent convention of the order in St. Louis, strong resolutions of sympathy with the Irish Land League were adopted.

—A SOLID mountain of fine red, brown and white sandstone has been discovered near Reagan, Texas, on the Texas and Pacific Railroad. Experts pronounce the stone to be equal to any in America.

—THE Governor-General of Cuba is to be recalled for aiding the Conservatives in the recent elections. The Spanish Government intends to enforce its abolitionist and free-trade policy in the island.

—JERSEY CITY offers a striking example of the evils of monopoly. The railway property in that city is said to amount to the vast sum of \$60,000,000, all of which is practically exempt from municipal taxation.

—THE French exports during the first four months of the present year show a decrease in value of 52,000,000 francs as compared with the corresponding period last year, and the imports a decrease of 25,000,000 francs.

—AT Wolosza, on the Russian frontier, the Jews there have been attacked by the populace and all their houses destroyed. Three hundred and thirty families have been rendered homeless and have fled into Galicia.

—THREE arrived in the United States during April 95,390 immigrants; 2,769 citizens returned from abroad and 1,793 aliens not intending to remain. The total number of immigrants arrived during the ten months ended April 30th was 446,812.

—THE United States Grand Jury at Philadelphia has found bills of indictment against Joseph R. Black, William R. Cason, Joseph Frank and Henry Arbuckle for conspiracy to defraud the Government in the matter of Star Route mail contracts.

—A CONNECTICUT Yankee has laboriously constructed a model of the home of Washington, and rides in a wagon of unique style from town to town exhibiting Mount Vernon to school-children at five cents a head. He says he is "seeing the country."

—THE resignation of the Czar's Liberal Ministers creates great uneasiness at St. Petersburg. The scheme of retrenchment proposed by the Czar includes the abolition of some military districts and the reduction of the strength of the army to a peace footing.

—GOVERNOR OVERTON, of the Chickasaw Nation, has gathered together an army of 300 men, and has issued an order directing that Texas cattle-raisers and white men generally must leave the country before June 1st, or force will be used. A conflict is feared.

—DISPATCHES from Mesopotamia state that the mortality from the plague in Bagdad was fifty-six per day for the week ending May 24. Four thousand persons are dispersed in camps completely isolated. These camps are now quite free from plague, as are also the localities whence the disease was originally propagated.

—A DISPATCH from The Hague says the Second Chamber of the States-General has adopted, by a vote of 60 to 11, a Bill to repress the use of alcoholic liquors. It provides for licensing bar-rooms in proportion to the population, and so as to prevent their accumulation in any one locality. Persons drunk in public places will be punishable by imprisonment.

—A SCHOOL of instruction for the infantry and cavalry arms of the United States service will shortly be established at Fort Leavenworth. It will be opened as soon as the requisite number of troops can be assembled, which will probably be after the commencement of another fiscal year has made the appropriation for transportation possible. The school will be on the plan of that at Fortress Monroe.

—It is represented that there is every prospect of another bad harvest in England. Drought and late frosts have already killed oats and barley, and the growth of wheat has been arrested at the most critical period of the season. There has not been a really good harvest in Britain since 1874, and another failure will seriously aggravate the stagnation and depression which prevail at the great manufacturing centres.

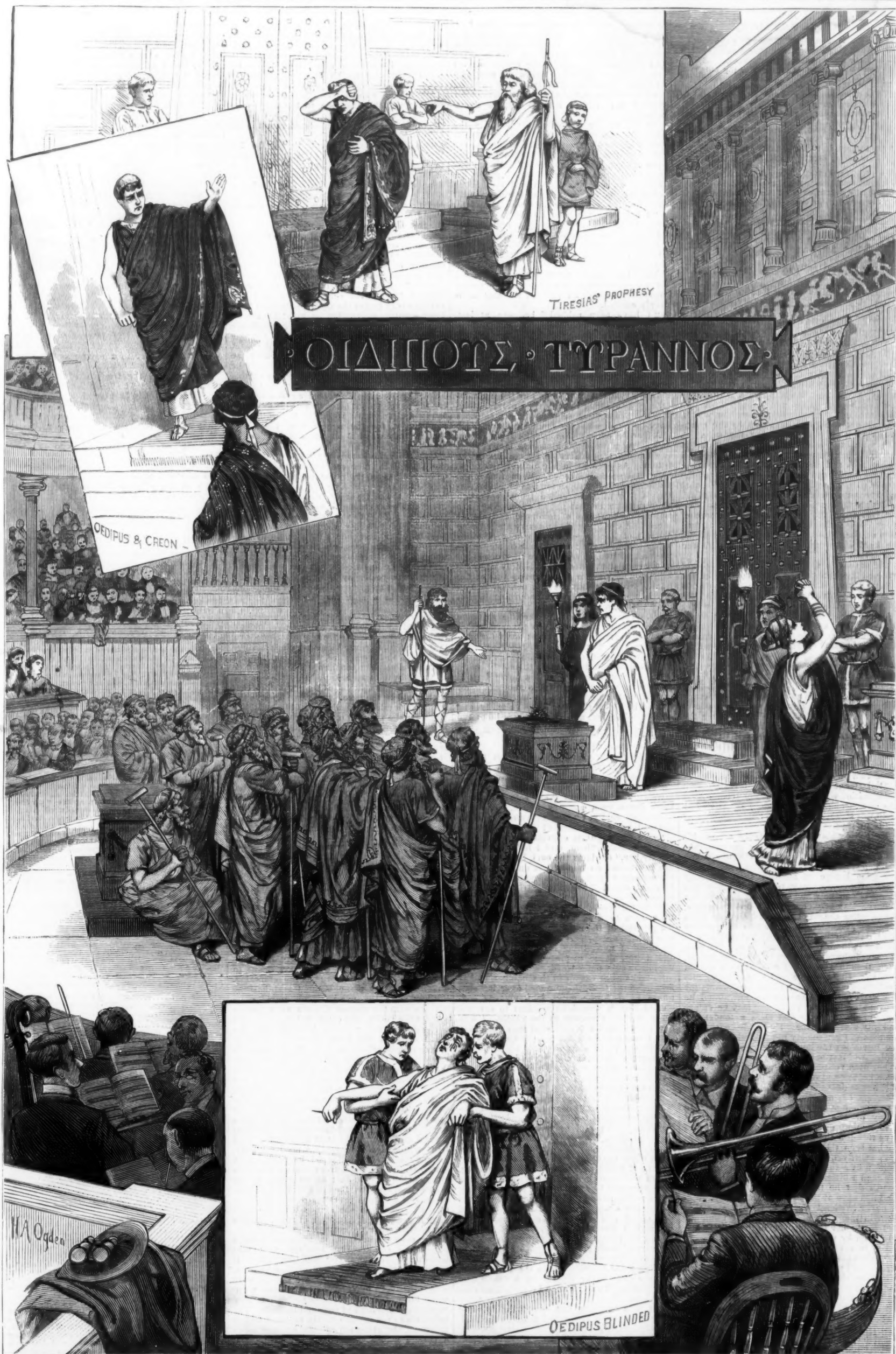
—ACCORDING to the new orders, the British regiments will adopt a national badge as follows: English regiments, a rose; Scotch regiments, a thistle; Irish regiments, a shamrock, and Welsh regiments, a dragon. The title of each regiment will be borne on the shoulder-strap. The facings and officers' lace will be, for English and Welsh regiments, white facings, rose patterns of lace; for Scotch regiments, yellow facings, thistle lace; for Irish regiments, green facings, shamrock lace; for royal regiments, blue facings, retaining the national lace.

—THE Assize Court at Heilbronn, in Württemberg, had lately before it a case which is probably unique in criminal annals. A laborer who was laid up with a broken leg was charged with embezzlement, and was summoned to appear before the *juge d'instruction*. Overwhelmed with the disgrace, perhaps unable to exculpate himself, he ordered his son to hang him. The son, who also was a laborer, obeyed his father's wish, and carried him to the house loft, where he hung him effectively from one of the beams. The court sentenced the son to imprisonment for three years and nine months.

—THE engineers sent out by Captain Eads some months since to make a survey for the proposed marine railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec have discovered two practicable routes, one by way of Tarifa Pass and the other by Chicoila, not only practicable, but both of them more favorable for the construction of the road than had been anticipated. The captain has been given the contract of designing a system of improvements of the Harbor of Vera Cruz, and is already busily engaged in preparing plans for that work. The additional legislation sought by him on the subject of the interoceanic ship railway is already in an advanced stage.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE SCENE IN THE SENATE CHAMBER ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE RESIGNATION OF SENATORS CONKLING AND PLATT, OF NEW YORK, MAY 16TH.
 1. The News Bulletined on Pennsylvania Avenue. 2. Excitement in the Rotunda of the Capitol after the Announcement.
 FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 239.



MASSACHUSETTS.—THE "OEDIPUS TYRANNUS" OF SOPHOCLES, AS PERFORMED IN THE ORIGINAL GREEK AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY, MAY 17TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 238.

THE FALSE LOWER.

I LOVE thee, as the wild bees love the South,
When May has made the broad savannas fair;
I love the roses of thy perfect mouth,
And all the redolent Summer of thy hair.

Thou art the Mecca of my pilgrim soul,
The peerless dawn that floods my spirit's night;
Thou art my consolation and my goal,
My ravishment, my solace, my delight!

Lift thy veiled eyes, and scan the heavens afar,
Far in those blue immensities, and see
That radiant and imperishable star,
Pure as my deathless worship is for thee!

Why dost thou start, oh, my delicious love?
What cruel fantasy thy soul appals?
Oh, God! oh, God! cast not thine eyes above,
The warning star is trails of silver falls!

F. S. SALTUS.

THE TYRANNY OF FATE;
OR,
A FIAT OF DRACO.

BY MISS ANNIE DUFFELL.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE castle is deserted, and the upper servants seize the opportunity to repair to the housekeeper's room for a grand carnival. An intense silence reigns over the house and the grounds. Out under the limes and the ilexes, with the white, still lawn stretching far away to the park lands, paces a man. It is Percy; he is restless and unhappy. A dim foreboding of the future oppresses him, which, though not roused, is deepened by the countess's manner upon receiving the note. A premonition of the shame and misery that is hemming her in seems to touch him as he thus paces back and forth in the clear Winter night. Suddenly his attention is attracted to the castle; from one spot in its gloomy walls, that glower dark and uncompromising as the night, suddenly flashes out a flood of light. It is emitted from the second story of a sort of round tower that rears up in the central portion of the facade of the castle, and in which he knows, beyond doubt, are situated the earl's rooms.

He pauses in surprise. The earl is absent at Lord Houghton's, and at such times he has frequently heard him say that even his man is not allowed to visit his apartments. His gaze is fastened in fascination upon the room, whose interior, from his position, he can see plainly. Then suddenly across the light, moving straight through the room, he sees a tall, slim figure, whose grace and carriage, he tells himself, he would recognize among ten thousand, even were he not assisted by the dark crimson robe it wears, with its glittering masses of gold lace that not three hours ago he was admiring. She stands; she has paused before a secretary over which she is bending, with her back to him, and a sort of veil is thrown over the head. Yet he knows beyond doubt that it is the Countess Melbourne. What is the meaning of this midnight visit to her host's chamber? What was the meaning of that note which she received, and what mysterious power did it contain to blanch her face to the hue of death? What was the meaning of that sudden indisposition which prevented her from joining the gay throng, but which does not keep her from this strange and unaccountable conduct? He is stunned.

He passes his hand repeatedly across his brow with a weary, despairing gesture, but his eyes are fastened upon that figure which still bends over the desk. Minutes pass—thirty are gone before it moves; then carefully closing the secretary, it turns and leaves the room. Even now he cannot see the face, for that veil jealously conceals it; but the grace, the peculiar charm of that tall, slender form are unmistakable. A conviction of mystery and trouble settles upon him; yet that love of his soul is in no wise touched by it. The men of his race have ever been faithful and loving, even though the object of that love should fall, steeped in shame and vice. Now, into the loyalty and affection of his sentiments for this woman, though erring and misguided he is prepared to acknowledge she may be, enters a grand charity, a perfect faith, a tenderness and pity almost divine. He has been thrown too much in her society not to feel and know the intrinsic grandeur and uprightness of her soul. And if it is to sin she has sunk, it is not of her own volition, but through the force of some hidden and irresistible power that compels her to degradation. He has watched her when she has not known that any human eye was upon her, and has seen upon the brilliancy of her loveliness a shadow fall—a shadow that never came upon human face save through the agency of grievous sorrow. He has seen the radiant light in her glorious eyes swiftly quenched, as though she were smitten by a sudden agony of recollection. He has seen a bitterness in her tightly-compressed mouth that he thinks never yet set upon human lips save at the brink of the grave. She is never without a weary, royal grace that even in moments of her proudest triumphs testifies to her indifference to the gayety and adulation by which she is surrounded.

He is smitten with pain, and something strongly akin to terror, at the sight he has witnessed; yet his steady faith never wavers. While he stands motionless in the shadow of the thickly-growing shrubbery, there is a rustle of the bushes upon the opposite side of the path, and a man steps forth. Some strange instinct—and how he blesses God for it later!—impels Percy to withdraw still further in the shrubbery, and his unconscious companion walks on across the lawn. Percy himself has been unseen, but did the man—who is a stranger to him, though probably a servant at Sinclair—did he witness that entrance to the earl's chamber? Did he see the woman in the

crimson gown, with its glimmering lace? If so, the secrecy and care with which he has resolved to guard this reckless act will be imperiled, if not made impossible. He is weary and oppressed by conflicting emotions. At one time he is tempted to follow the man, and, by careful questioning, ascertain the extent of his knowledge; but that strange instinct for secrecy still impels him to remain undisturbed.

In the middle of the succeeding day the Earl of Sinclair sends for his brother to join him in his dressing-room. Sir Cuthbert obeys the summons. Lord John stands before an open cabinet, his appearance indicative of extreme agitation. Before a word passes between them a knock sounds, and the French noble thrusts his head in at the door, with some inquiry concerning the shooting.

"I beg your pardon," he continues, when he sees that he has interrupted an interview; "I thought you were alone, Sinclair."

"It is of no consequence," replies the earl. "Come in, both of you," as he sees Percy in the rear.

Then he looks from one to the other of his three companions with a strange embarrassed expression, though all present see that he is deeply excited.

"I have been robbed," he says, at last, abruptly.

"Probably every man echoes the ugly word, and all but one look incredulous."

"What of?" continues Beaumont.

"Not of money," replies his brother. "If it were anything of as little consequence as that I would not trouble you or these gentlemen by mentioning the affair. Unfortunately, it is something of more value than money. I have been robbed of the Sinclair diamonds!"

A hoarse exclamation breaks from Percy; and the memory of his bloodless face returns to all present, in miserable accusation, in the future. As present, in the universal excitement, it is scarcely heeded. Even the French noble has heard of those famous Sinclair diamonds that have descended from generation to generation in that proud race. They are two separate stones of immense and almost incredible size, incased in massive and antique settings of Roman gold, and whose fabulous value has made the fact of their existence almost a tradition, so seldom are they displayed to the eyes of the world. It is only upon the accession of the heir to the proud title of the Earl of Sinclair that the lady nearest him in kin is allowed the honor of adorning herself upon that formal occasion with these precious gems. Therefore, it is not over once or twice in a generation that society is favored with a sight of them. Sir Cuthbert stares at his brother, aghast, while the Frenchman looks overwhelmed with consternation. Percy stands at a window with his back to them.

"But what were the stones doing here?" queries Beaumont; and for a moment there is a tinge of arrogance in his imperious manner. The loss of the jewels is a calamity, and almost a disgrace, and so jealous is he of the family honor that he cannot view it with composure.

For a moment the earl is silent.

"It was only yesterday afternoon that I brought them from the banker's," he replies, and his manner is a trifle constrained.

"It was at least a remarkable act to take jewels like those from their safe and bring them down to a country house," observes Beaumont, coldly. "But, of course you, as the earl, have the control of them."

"One of my guests expressed a strong desire to examine them, and I felt disposed to gratify her," explains the earl, haughtily. He has mentioned no names, but an instant conviction seizes Beaumont that no one but Lady Lennox would have the daring and the effrontery to make such a request as this. He feels that it was sacrilegious and an insult to their race to drag these jewels forth from the prestige of their long concealment merely to a woman's caprice. Almost as soon would he think of unearthing his ancestor's bones, and a hot, fierce displeasure is upon him, though he says not a word.

"I locked the casket in this cabinet, and at first intended to station a guard over it," continues Lord John. "But I afterwards concluded that it would be wisdom to say nothing of their presence in the castle. I was not aware that a living soul was cognizant that I had taken them from the banker's. I locked my room securely last night before leaving for the ball, and when I returned I found everything, apparently, as I had left it. A few minutes ago I went to get them and found the casket empty."

"Are they both gone?" queries Beaumont.

Again in the earl comes that almost imperceptible hesitation before he answers.

"Yes; they would scarcely take one and leave the other. Both are gone." It is the literal truth: but whereas one was taken the previous night, the other left his possession almost a score of years ago, forced from its setting, which remained behind, and which loss was not discovered by any one save himself, owing to his reticence and the fact that, although the casket has always remained in the house of the oldest and most powerful banker in England, it was always kept locked and the key in his possession. Therefore, no one but the earl of each generation was supposed to have actual access to the jewels.

"But, great heaven!" cries the Frenchman, "where can be the thief? In a castle like this how could an entrance be forced into its very heart?"

"It is a mystery, but one thing is quite clear—the jewels are gone," mutters the earl, moodily.

"We must take some action," observes Beaumont. "Have you given any orders?"

"None."

"I suppose the first thing to be done will be to question the servants as to whether they have seen any suspicious persons around the

place. Of course, the affair will have to be made public. We had better put it into the hands of Baily, Osgood & Baily—their attorneys—the jewels must be recovered if possible. By offering a sufficiently large reward I imagine it can be accomplished; it must be for the object of a reward that they were taken, or the jewels themselves would be of no real advantage to the thieves, as they are so well known that the slightest attempt to dispose of them would result in detection."

Still Percy stands silent, though he has turned from the window. His face is not so pale as it is haggard and worn. He feels suddenly aged, as if a century of pain and infirmity had settled upon him. But through it all clings to him that one purpose of shielding and protecting this woman. Yet, can it be done? He asks not the price, he counts not the cost—at any expense she must be protected from the effect of her madness. But where is that man—who, with himself, witnessed that entrance to the earl's rooms? Will not the offering of so vast a reward as he knows will be proffered bring him forth from his seclusion? And who is he? In vain has he loitered around the servants' hall and traversed every foot of the estate, searching with keen scrutiny every face he met; not a semblance has he discovered to the countenance that he studied with painful intensity the previous night, illuminated as it was by the light of the moon. If he could only discover the source of the impending trouble—if only he could gain some clear, firm foothold in all this slough of mystery and uncertainty—but he is helpless, powerless as yet. He can only wait for the development of events—wait in uncertainty and suspense, watching faithfully, unremittingly, for the approach of the blow, that he may ward it off when it is about to descend.

Gradually the loss is made known through the household. The servants, with awe and consternation in their visages, are summoned before the tribunal. The earl and Beaumont question them severely, mercilessly. If a guilty one were among them he could scarcely escape; but not the slightest clew can be obtained. During the previous evening Mrs. Bowker and her satellites were congregated in the former's sitting-room. The under-servants remained in their hall. To the best of public knowledge, not a soul was upon the grounds yesterday besides their inmates, save a boy, a messenger from Lord Houghton, who brought a note for the Countess Melbourne.

Percy, who is present, for a moment is staggered by this latter information. Could it have been a message from Lord Houghton, that note that so roused his suspicions? He is surprised and perplexed. But soon the old conviction settles upon him. The note, bitter as it is for him to acknowledge it, was not from Lord Houghton. It is impossible that such could be the case. But whoever was the sender of it adroitly made use of his lordship's name for the purpose of diverting or preventing suspicion. A mystery and a darkness have suddenly enveloped the woman of his love, and he makes no effort to fathom them. It would be useless. He only tells himself that it is not for the purpose of condemnation, or sitting in judgment upon her, that he has given his heart into her keeping. With that humble, faithful, futile affection he must shield her, if within the range of human possibility—resting her, weary, as he knows she is, with darkness and persecution, under the cover of his great love.

CHAPTER XX.

IT is a dreary night. A heavy storm of wind sweeps the coast and the country back, and an angry sea rushes in. Through the great stretch of timber-land belonging to Sir Cuthbert's estate, The Towers, the force of the storm is particularly severe, and massive trees bend in the blast like striplings, while not a few succumb and are wrenched out by their roots that for over a century have rested in the soil. Some volcanic convulsion seems to agitate the earth; but, fierce as the tempest is, a man is walking through the forest, battling fiercely with the wind, which mingles its shrieks with the roar of the sea as it breaks against the rocks—the estate is bordered upon one side by the restless Atlantic—and the shrill cries of the birds driven from their perches among the branches. The darkness is intense, the roar and din bewildering; yet, with that accuracy that bespeaks familiarity from childhood, the pedestrian, who is of the lower class, pursues his course in one of the many forest-paths that are worn through the wood, and which it would be impossible for any one to follow less accustomed to this dense English forest. At last, through the swaying trees ahead, he sees the faint glimmering of a light, which steadily brightens until suddenly, gaining the skirt of the wood, he pauses at a small, Gothic cottage, from whose windows streams the light. Just as he gains it, the door is thrown open, the lamp flickers desperately, and a woman peers forth into the wind and darkness. As she stands thus the man joins her, and an exclamation of relief escapes her as they enter the cottage together.

The man is short, stout, thick-set, with a phlegmatic countenance, but one that also holds an expression suppressingly sinister. It is Canton, the under-keeper at The Towers. His companion is a pale, delicate woman, with a face that once must have held a beauty unusual for one in her class, but which is now worn into deep lines of care and trouble. The faded blue eyes are constantly haunted with a timorous, shrinking expression, and she looks a person whose spirit, naturally gentle and clinging, is entirely broken. The interior of the cottage is neat and comfortable, though consisting of only two apartments—a bed and living-room. In the fireplace, whose hearth-bricks are bright and red as bricks can well

be, blazes a cheerful fire, over whose flame a porringer swings, emitting a happy twitter of steaming contents and a savory odor that would give a rich promise to the hungry. Every detail of the small and cleanly apartment is comforting and home-like; but the scowl upon Canton's sour and half-evil countenance does not lessen as he flings himself in a chair before the fire, and his wife, drawing up the table to him, spreads the cloth and sets his supper, than which a better need not be wished by king or peasant. He partakes of it in moody silence, while outside the wind sweeps through the forest-trees in whose shadow the cottage stands, and shakes the small structure to its foundation.

"What an awful night!" at last murmurs the woman, breaking the silence which, in the din and roar of the tempest, is oppressive and even ghastly. "If there are any ships near the coast they will be sure to be wrecked."

Canton vouchsafes no reply.

"Ned, you were late to night," she continues, timidly.

Her husband turns his sullen, heavy eye upon her with a quick flash of rage.

"Are ye fault-finding, Madge?" he demands, threateningly.

"No—no, Ned!" in a quick, beseeching voice, that tells her own piteous history. "I am sure you had the worst of it—"

"The worst of it?" interrupts the man, savagely. "I had all of it! What was it for you to wait here in a snug room and by a warm fire?"

"But it was the trouble of mind," she replies, timidly. "The fear that some evil had come to you. Oh, Ned! with the wind bending the trees and sweeping down the branches until I thought they would crush the roof in, what was the room and the fire to me? Besides—"

"Well," says her husband, "go on. 'Besides—'"

A desperate courage flashes into the poor, wan face, and with a sudden motion she sinks down at his side, as he sits with his legs stretched out towards the fire.

(To be continued.)

THE GREEK PLAY AT HARVARD.

THE Greek drama sprang from the ode. The dialogue was ingrafted on the chorus, and naturally partook of its character. The genius of the greatest of Athenian dramatists co-operated with the circumstances under which tragedy made its first appearance. Aeschylus was, head and heart, a lyric poet. Sophocles, whom the Harvard boys have been so successfully wooing, made the Greek drama as dramatic as was consistent with its original form. His portraits of men have a sort of similarity; but it is the similarity, not of a painting, but of a bas-relief. It suggests a resemblance, but it does not produce an illusion. Euripides attempted to carry the reform further, but it was a task far beyond his power—perhaps beyond any power. Instead of correcting what was bad, he destroyed what was excellent. He, as Macaulay has so happily hit it, substituted crutches for stumps, bad sermons for good ones. Euripides, 480 B.C., recited an ode at Athens. In 535 Thespis recited an ode, with responses by a dithyrambic chorus, and in this we have the first germ of dialogue. Out of these rude elements Aeschylus, about 500, created the drama as we behold it at Harvard. Nothing essential has since been added to its structure. He removed the chorus into the background, and used them only as an auxiliary. He brought a second actor upon the scene, and introduced a dialogue; thus the drama became an action instead of a narrative. From Aeschylus we have the dramatic rules known as the "unities." Thirty years later Sophocles introduced a third actor, and thus diffused the dialogue and fertilized the action. As a dramatic poet he surpassed Aeschylus by a noble grace and a sweet majesty. Fifteen years afterwards Euripides enabled Greece to behold as contemporaries the three greatest purely tragic poets the world has produced. The Romans derived the drama from the Greeks, and the element introduced by them into the drama was farce, an invention of the Tuscans. This is our prologue. Now for a leap from Athens to Boston on the night of the 17th of May, 1881.

The Harvard boys resolved upon doing a Greek play. Why not? The Greek play was an institution in English universities, and, assuredly, Harvard was not one whit behind the schools in Merrie England. The various Greek dramatists were brought under discussion, from Aeschylus to Aristophanes, for the broad buoyancy of the latter is more in keeping with the spirit of the period; but Sophocles won on his "Edipus Tyrannus," and the selection was a wise one. The whole strength of the "Greeks" in Harvard was concentrated in the cast. Here it is:

Edipus.....Mr. George Riddle, '74.
Jocasta.....Mr. Leonard Opydyke, '80.
Priest of Zeus.....Mr. W. H. Manning, '82.
Creon.....Mr. J. R. Howe, '81.
Teiresias.....Mr. Henry Norman, '81.
Servant of Laius.....Mr. G. M. Lane, '81.
First Messenger.....Mr. A. W. Roberts, '81.
Second Messenger.....Mr. Owen Wister, '82.
Leader of the dramatic chorus, Mr. L. B. McCagg, '84.

Sanders' Theatre, which forms one wing of the Memorial Hall at Cambridge, is a semi-circular amphitheatre, facing a very shallow stage. The scenery is not shifted throughout the performance, and represents the kingly palace at Thebes. A wall of huge blocks of stone supports a frieze representing a series of graceful bas-reliefs, the figures being white on a dark-red background. Upon this frieze stand sixteen columns of the Ionic order, which again support an architrave. The great height of the facade thus obtained, in comparison to the scenery of ordinary theatres, is very effective, especially as there is no curtain, and the roof of the theatre is of dark wood, so that the palace seems to stand out in its massive outlines against an unlimited background. There are three doors in the front, the middle one being larger than the other two. They are of the ancient type found in Egypt and lately in Mycenae—three blocks of stone, two of them inclined inwards and the third laid across the top. Immediately in front of the palace is the shallow stage, from which two steps lead up to the middle door, the side doors not being used in the performance. Upon this stage are three altars, and here the principal action takes place. In front of this acting stage and about five feet lower is the open space where the chorus move as does the *Chorus* in the Passion Play. It is semi-circular, so as to form the centre of the amphitheatre. There is an altar in the middle and a broad way leads right and left off the stage. The orchestra and supplementary chorus sit in a semi-circle round this lower stage, separated from it by a wooden barrier as high as a table and from the audience by a height of about six feet. The footlights are placed along the front of the upper or acting stage. Such is the arrangement of the house and stage as it strikes a spectator before the performance commences.

All the costumes are those of the Athenians of the

age of Pericles, for, as the personages in the play are mythical, they could not be represented with strict historical accuracy. It is the Dorian style of costume, as the wearing of clasp-pins, for example, indicates, the Athenian women having been forbidden to wear such pins, because on one occasion they used them to put out the eyes of unsuccessful warriors returning home from an important expedition. In this play *Edipus*, in the agony and despair of his misfortune, puts out his own eyes with the clasp-pin which he takes from the wedding garment of his mother, wife and queen, *Jocasta*.

Mr. F. D. Millet, Harvard, 1869, undertook the very difficult and aesthetic task of designing and turning out all the costumes. *Palman qui meruit ferat*. He has done his work to perfection. The costume, modified according to the individual characters, consists in general terms of two garments, a *chiton*, or tunic, and an *himation*, or mantle. The *chiton* is a simple straight sack of thin cloth, without sleeves, gathered at the shoulders; the *himation* is a square piece of cloth twice the height of the wearer in length and once his height in width. The tunic is gathered at the waist. The mantle is thrown much the same way as the Roman toga. The sandals, in various styles, are generally simple soles with lacwork covering the heels and bound to the ankles by strings. The traveling personages wear the *chlamys*, or short cloak. With this is worn a short tunic and sandals of a peculiar shape lacing up to the knee. The *petasos*, a strange-looking broad-brimmed hat, is also worn with this costume. The sheep-herd wears rough skins. Whatever the care given to the ornamentation and choice of colors, nothing has proved so charming as the simple cream-white garments of the priests.

All these costumes are modeled on the exact pattern of their date, as nearly as could be ascertained, and the picture made by the characters as they stand in front of the Greek palace is unique and exceedingly interesting. The actors wear their garments just as the Greeks did, with no artificial contrivances for looping or holding the folds (except the simple clasp-pins used then), and with nothing under the costumes that can in any way interfere with the hanging and action of the drapery.

The tragedy is founded upon this story: *Edipus*, a mythological King of Thebes, was the son of *Laius* and *Jocasta*. An oracle having informed *Laius* that he should be killed by his son, the infant was exposed on Mount Cithæron, with his feet pierced and bound together. He was found by a shepherd and brought to King *Polybus* of Corinth, who, being childless, adopted him, and called him *Edipus* from his swollen feet. He grew up in ignorance of his birth, and once, being taunted with not being the son of the king, he consulted the oracle at Delphi, which answered, "Avoid the soil of thy country, or thou wilt be the murderer of thy father, and the husband of thy mother." Supposing *Corinth* was meant, he determined not to return. On the road between Delphi and *Daulia*, he met *Laius*, and was ordered by the chariotster to make way; an affray ensued, in which he killed both his father and the chariotster. At this time the Sphinx was laying waste the territory of Thebes, proposing a riddle to any passer-by, and devouring all who were unable to solve it. The Thebans offered the crown and the hand of *Queen Jocasta* in marriage to him who should free the country from the monster. *Edipus* undertook the task, and the following riddle was given to him: "A being with four feet has two feet and three feet, and only one voice; but its feet vary, and when it has most it is weakest." *Edipus* answered that it was a man, who in infancy crawls upon all fours, in manhood walks erect, and in old age supports himself by a staff. The Sphinx hereupon destroyed herself, and *Edipus* obtained the crown and married his mother, who bore him two sons, *Anticles* and *Polynices*, and two daughters, *Antigone* and *Ismene*.

A pestilence desolating the land on account of this incestuous alliance, the oracle ordered the expulsion of the murderer of *Laius*, and a proclamation was issued announcing a curse upon the unknown criminal, and declaring him an exile. *Edipus* is informed by the priest *Tiresias* that he himself is the parricide and the husband of his mother. *Jocasta* hanged herself and *Edipus* put out his eyes. The acting was admirable. Mr. Riddle's performance in the rôle of *Edipus* betraying close study and a thorough perception of the character. The orchestra and chorus were simply flawless. The Harvard boys have won their laurels.

Aschylus next year!

THE LATE POLITICAL SENSATION.

MESSRS. CONKLING AND PLATT ENACT A ROARING FARCE.

A GENUINE sensation was produced in Washington and throughout the country on the 16th instant by the announcement in the United States Senate of the resignations of Senators Conkling and Platt, of New York. No political event of recent years produced, for a day or two, wider commotion in purely political circles. The resignations were not only unexpected, but apparently unaccountable. The galleries, at the time the announcement was made, were well filled, but the floor was only partly occupied. Senators lounged in and out of the cloak-rooms, or sat scribbling or reading their midday mail at their little desks, or smoked their cigars in the lobby while prayer was being offered in the chamber. But this quickly changed. Immediately after prayers and the reading of the brief journal, the Vice-President arose and, in a low voice, which was scarcely heard ten feet away, announced that he had received certain communications which he desired to lay before the Senate. Very little attention was paid to this in any quarter. The Reading Clerk then read, in his drawing, professional way, the professional voice taking a lower pitch as he seemed to grasp the idea for the first time, the following communication:

"WASHINGTON, May 16th.

"SIR—Will you please announce to the Senate that my resignation as Senator of the United States, from the State of New York, has been forwarded to the Governor of the State? I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,

"To Hon. C. A. ARTHUR." "ROSCOE CONKLING.

There was a curious silence for a moment or two, and Senators leaned forward as if to catch the full purport of the communication. "What's that?" was the quick inquiry from a dozen sources at once. They had not comprehended the document. There was a general demand that it be again read. Those in the rear came down to their places, the people in the galleries craned their necks and put the best ear forward, and then came a general whispering hum of voices, like the rustle of a breeze among the bushes. The Democratic Senators looked at one another and smiled; the Republicans put their heads together between desks. Before they had time to communicate, however, the Clerk had again begun to read, amid silence. This time it was a communication from Conkling's colleague:

"SENATE CHAMBER, May 16th.

"SIR—I have forwarded to the Governor of the State of New York my resignation as Senator of the United States for the State of New York. Will you please announce the fact to the Senate? With great respect, your obedient servant,

"To Hon. C. A. ARTHUR."

The buzz that succeeded this was louder and more pronounced than before. Everybody looked around to see where the New York Senators were, but they were not to be seen. They had not been seen at the Capitol, nor did they appear there during the day. On the Republican side of the chamber the faces wore a decidedly serious look. Consider-

able confusion reigned in all parts of the chamber. It was a sensational moment. Presently, however, the Senators having recovered their equanimity, business was proceeded with as usual, the Senate going into executive session and taking up, unconcernedly, the matters awaiting attention.

The letter to Governor Cornell communicating the fact of the resignations, and sent by that official to the Legislature on the evening of the 16th instant, sets forth at length the reasons which led the resigning Senators to adopt the course pursued. The letter is an elaborate arraignment of President Garfield for alleged invasion of the rights of the Senate, but, summed up, amounts simply to a declaration that when a Senator of New York is no longer "boss"—when, that is, he can no longer control the patronage of an Administration of his own party in his own State—he is of no further use as a Senator, and should retire. The document insists that the nomination of Judge Robertson for Collector of the Port of New York being obnoxious to the Senators, it should not have been insisted upon; that they should have been consulted in advance and their wishes respected, etc. This assumption is made in face of the fact that there is no written law, and certainly no unwritten precedent which ought to be sustained, that entitled the Senators from this State to demand that they should be consulted before the nomination of a new Collector of Customs in New York. If Mr. Garfield's previous action led them to expect such courtesy, that was merely a proof of his weakness, not a demonstration of the rights which they claim. If the nomination itself was as unjust as it was unexpected, that was but one blunder the more for the President, not a fresh apology for their usurpation. Their "advice and consent" are demanded simply as members of the Senate, not as dispensers of the Federal patronage of the State. "When they had used in the Senate all the legitimate weapons of opposition to a nomination of which they disapproved, their whole duty was done; when they attempt to raise to the dignity of a national issue the claims of Senators from any State to be consulted in advance about any and every nomination made for Federal offices in their State, they only escape contempt through their unconscious helplessness in exploding the very fiction which they seek to harden into an extra-constitutional limitation on the exercise of the powers of the Executive."

The purpose of Mr. Conkling in the step he has taken is obvious. He assumes to appeal from the President and the Senate to his own State. He assumes to ask for the judgment of New York. He expects to be re-elected, and in that event he will return to Washington to claim that his position has been endorsed by those whom he represents, and that New York is with him against the President. It is already announced that if re-elected he will act as an independent, opposing the Administration in all measures it may favor.

At Albany the struggle between the friends and opponents of Mr. Conkling is already developing great bitterness. All sorts of predictions are indulged in, but, in the confusion which now exists, it is impossible to speak with much confidence as to the result. The Stalwarts, so-called, will consent to nothing short of Mr. Conkling's "vindication," while the Anti-Machine Republicans, on the contrary, are not disposed to consent, under any circumstances, to his re-election. The election cannot take place before the 31st instant.

The judgment of the country as to the action of Messrs. Conkling and Platt has found expression, very generally, in vigorous disapproval. It is everywhere regarded by fair-minded people as a piece of undignified petulance; as a cowardly surrender of an important trust for the paltriest of reasons; as an indication of a purpose to "ruin," if they cannot "rule," the party and the Administration. The popular sentiment is epitomized in these remarks of the *Cincinnati Gazette*: "Mr. Conkling's resignation is a sensational act of the shallowest character. Having the New York Legislature in his hands, he plays the trick of resigning to be elected again. By this he temporarily places the Senate in the hands of the Democrats. It is like the bluff game of a gambler with stocked cards. We mistake the sense of the country if this performance shall not make Conkling ridiculous and contemptible. As to Senator Platt, he seems to have no separate Senatorial office."

In many parts of New York meetings of Republicans have been held, at which strong protests have been made against the re-election of Senator Conkling, and remonstrances to the same effect have poured into the Legislature from large Republican constituencies. The confirmation of Judge Robertson as Collector of this port, which followed closely upon the Senatorial resignations, has been hailed with many demonstrations of rejoicing throughout the State—salutes being fired in many places, while at Albany serenades of the successful appointee and other exhibitions of popular satisfaction have deepened the prevalent excitement. It is understood that over fifty Republican members of the Legislature have pledged themselves in writing not to vote, under any consideration, for either Conkling or Platt.

THE NORTH END INDUSTRIAL HOME, BOSTON.

UPON the side of Copp's Hill, on the corner of Salem and North Bennet Streets, Boston, stands a building erected at a cost of \$85,000, known as the Mariner's Home. No longer do old sea-dogs roll into its wide and substantial-looking portals; no longer are yarns spun of the days of the *Saucy Arcturion*, for, as a mariner's refuge, the house was not a success, and it is now an Industrial Home, where the unskilled poor, young and old, male and female, are taught things practical, whereby to earn bread to render them independent of alms, and to keep them from out the horrible clutches of beggary.

Scarcely more than a year ago Mrs. Caswell, one of the most energetic women connected with the Associated Charities, established a laundry for poor workwomen in a small room in the Sailor's Home at the North End, the use of which was lent her. Aided by some of the most prominent ladies in Society, she next established a sewing-class for girls, and now she has an entire building in the very midst of the North End, in which women, girls and boys of the very poor classes are taught a variety of things, and from which they graduated better work-people and better able to fight the hard fight for life.

At present there are eleven departments which are in daily action. These are the laundry, sewing-rooms, boys' carpenter-shop, printing-office, nursery, kitchen-garden, kindergarten, café, circulating library and reading-room, amusement-room and cooking-school. There are about six hundred persons belonging to the various classes. These, when they have improved sufficiently, give place to others, each department having a "waiting list," and situations are found for such as are competent to fill them. In the sewing-rooms, cutting, making, mending and machine-stitching are taught. Plain dressmaking, embroidery and needlework are also done here. There are some one hundred and fifty women and girls thus occupied.

Since January it has been found advisable to remodel the class of fifty *poor* women, and work is now given to widows, wives with sick husbands and deserted wives—the number not to exceed fifty. In connection with this room machine-stitching is taught, and, after instruction, seamstresses are allowed to purchase the machines at reduced rates. Orders are constantly being filled for plain dressmaking and other simple needlework. Donations of cast-off clothing, received in the past, have been of the greatest assistance, and have enabled the women not only to learn various kinds of repairing, but to purchase garments for a moderate equivalent in work.

An inspection of the building led to the discovery

of a dark cellar, fit for the operations of a Guy Fawkes. This was formerly used by the sailors as a laundry, and here the committee of the Home set up a laundry, too. This department was originally a very modest one, indeed. Two tubs had to fulfill all requirements, and the laundrying was proceeded with by the aid of the dismal rays of a solitary kerosene-lamp. The laundry proved a success. It has now been enlarged to thrice its original size. Windows have been cut into it, and it has been in every way purified by air and whitewash.

At first, the women who had secured customers' washing were required to pay five cents per hour, and twelve and one-half cents for extra lessons in nice work. The injustice of the five-cent arrangement was soon discovered, for some worked rapidly, others very slowly, and at the end all their little earnings were swallowed up by the tax. Then the system of charging ten cents on each dollar earned was tried, which has worked admirably. For this the workwomen have the use of the laundry, soap, starch and conveniences. When she has earned enough to supply herself with necessary furnishings she gives place to one on the "waiting list." Those doing their own family washing, if able, pay five cents per hour. Tuesday evening is appropriated to store-girls and those who are occupied during the day, at a charge of ten cents per evening. Ladies who wish a poor friend or servant to be instructed pay twelve and one-half cents per hour.

The Boston Cooking-school Committee were urged to open a branch in the building, which they consented to do. Daily classes were formed for forenoon and afternoon, and one evening of each week. Miss Parloa volunteered her services, and some two hundred women and girls attended these lectures. She taught them how to get up twenty-five cent dinners of three courses. It was sometimes soup, meat and a five-cent pudding, or codfish prepared in some appetizing form, etc. The Cooking-school holds three evening classes during the week for mothers and older girls, and one on Saturday A. M. for smaller girls.

In the Nursery, some twenty or more occupants (left by mothers who have gone to their day's work, skilled labor, taught in some department of this very Home, perhaps) remind one of that fourth rule laid down by the Associated Charities, namely, "Make sure that no children grow up to be paupers." The little ones have excellent care, are fed, and when sleepy an adjoining room provides the solace of the crib. The ages vary from eighteen months to five years.

In the Boys' Carpenter-shop, lads from twelve to fifteen years are instructed at noon (between schools), and in the evening. They make active progress and turn out some very creditable work.

In February a valuable branch of education was opened for teaching girls, of from twelve to fifteen, the various branches of household work, by means of a course of lessons with toys; to be followed by a second course in real housework. Two classes meet on Monday and Wednesday of each week, and learn the proper methods of setting tables, washing dishes, sweeping and dusting, making beds, scrubbing, laundry-work, etc., with small furniture adapted to their small hands. They are furnished with every article, even to the tiny napkin with its corresponding ring, dolls' clothing for the clothes-bag, clothes-pins of one inch in length, brooms in miniature, with dust-pans, dust-brushes, etc., to correspond, and diminutive bedding exquisitely made.

A very important department is the café. Meals are served to regular table-boarders for three dollars per week. Single breakfasts, suppers or lunches at fifteen cents.

The circulating library and reading-room is a decided success, and has been so from the beginning. As many as 500 books are taken out some weeks. This department is generously provided by a benevolent citizen, and is well supplied with books of history, biography and travels. The women and children take books out in the afternoon; the men in the evening. The long table is well filled during "hours" with readers of newspapers, magazines and books.

In the amusement-room, four evenings in the week (Wednesday and Saturday excepted) young men from fifteen to twenty—occasionally to the number of seventy-five—meet, play games (such as may be sent in), and now and then "penny entertainments" are given in a large room adjoining. This room seats some two hundred, and tickets are disposed of at two cents apiece.

The Home is an institution of which Boston may be proud, as well as of the Samaritans, headed by Mr. Caswell, who are engaged in this good and philanthropic work.

The Revised Bible.

THE London journals very sharply criticize the revised version of the New Testament, which has just been issued in England and the United States. One journal says: "The system upon which the revisers appear to have acted is altogether erroneous and deplorable. Even the Lord's Prayer, which every English-speaking child learns to lip at its mother's knee, has not been spared. The revisers have handled it as a bold commentator might handle a notoriously corrupt chorus in the 'Eumenides' or the 'Vaccina.' St. Paul's praise of charity, unequalled in its own kind for ringing and rhythmical eloquence in the old version, is mangled and made irretrievably by the senseless substitution of the word 'love' for 'charity.'" The eighth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, from the first to the eleventh verse, inclusive, is also changed. This is the story of the woman taken in adultery, and is undoubtedly stricken out in its entirety, the pretense being that it does not appear in any of the older versions.

The New York Custom House.

JUDGE ROBERTSON, as Collector, will have the disposal of (with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury) 953 appointments. The salaries aggregate \$1,400,000 a year. The patronage includes one Assistant Collector, ten Deputy Collectors, forty-nine messengers, twenty-two laborers, seven weighers and gaugers, eight foremen and janitors, eighty-four assistant weighers, 286 inspectors at four dollars a day, four Long Island coast inspectors, 109 night watchmen, nine inspectors, and other employees. Four of the employees have been in the Custom House more than twenty-one years, ten more than nineteen years, eight more than eighteen years, thirteen more than seventeen years, and 160 more than twelve years. The new Collector appoints his deputies on taking his office. The term of Collector is for four years, and the salary is \$15,000 a year. He receives about \$5,000 additional in fees.

Genuine "Senatorial Courtesy."

THE nomination of ex-Senator Blanche K. Bruce, of Mississippi, to be Register of the Treasury, gave general pleasure to both sides of the Senate when it was announced last week, and he was at once unanimously confirmed without preliminary reference to a committee—Mr. Lamar making the motion to that effect. Democrats and Republicans united to vote for him. During Mr. Bruce's term of service in the Senate he was the only colored Senator, and for a part of the time the only colored man in either House. His course in the Senate was in every way creditable and honorable to him, and he gained the esteem of his fellow Senators on both sides of the Chamber. He rarely addressed the Senate, but was always listened to with pleasure, because he spoke with great good sense and moderation, and in all his Senatorial career he displayed sound judgment and moderation. His appointment to the office of Register of the Treasury will give satisfaction to the white as well as the colored people of Mississippi, where Mr. Bruce is a general favorite.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

It is officially denied that Governor-General Lorne intends to resign.

GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN and family sailed for Europe last week.

Dr. J. H. BAXTER has been nominated for Surgeon-General of the Army, in place of General Barcos.

THE appraisement of the estate of the late Mark Hopkins, of the Central Pacific Railroad, foots up a total valuation of \$20,700,000.

ASSOCIATE-JUSTICE STANLEY MATTHEWS of the United States Supreme Court has been assigned to the Sixth Circuit in place of Justice Bradley.

Mrs. HOBART PARHA, the wife of the Turkish commander, is an artist of creditable ability and has lately exhibited several paintings at Pera.

PROFESSOR FREDERIC W. SIMONDS has resigned the chair of geology, zoology and botany in the University of North Carolina because of ill-health.

MR. JOSEPH E. TEMPLE, of Philadelphia, has contributed \$25,000 towards the erection by the Grand Army of the Republic of a statue to General Reynolds.

MR. JAY COOKE has so far retrieved his financial disasters that he has paid all his creditors in full and has repurchased his magnificent country-seat of "Ogonts," near Philadelphia.

THE memorial monument erected by the railway postal clerks to the memory of the late George H. Armstrong, the organizer of the railway mail service, was unveiled at Chicago, May 16th.

M. RENAN is so conscientious a writer that, out of health as he is, he means, if possible, to go again to the Holy Land and Sinai before writing his history of the Jews up to the second exile.

PRINCE GEORGE OF PRUSSIA, brother of the Emperor of Germany, has literary ambitions. He has written a drama called "Katharina von Medici," which is to be produced this Summer at Berlin.

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER, Superintendent of the United States Census, has been chosen President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He will enter upon the discharge of his duties as president in October.

THE pulpit and communion-table used for many years by the Rev. Rowland Hill at Hawkestone Chapel and Weston Church, Shrewsbury, England, have been brought to this country, and are now the property of Mr. W. H. Rust, of New Brunswick, N. J.

THE "Edgewood" property, which ex-Governor C. C. Washburn has given to the Sisters of the Order of St. Dominic for educational purposes, contains thirty-four acres, with a fine dwelling-house and other buildings upon it, and is situated near Madison, Wis.

HENRY E. KNOX, nominated for United States Marshal of the District of New York, is a native of North Carolina, a classmate of President Garfield, and member of a law firm of New York City. He was prominent in the prosecution, in behalf of the Bar Association, of certain municipal officers two years ago.

THE following Mexican appointments are deemed probable: Señor Mariscal, Minister to Washington; ex-President Diaz, Minister to France; General Pacheco, Minister of Public Works; Señor Ramon Fernandez, Governor of the Federal District; and Señor Emilio Velasco, Minister of Justice. Señor Zamacona is to be recalled.

SEVERAL wealthy citizens of San Francisco have promised liberal subscriptions for the monument to the memory of General John A. Sutter, which is to be erected in Golden Gate Park. General Sherman, it is said, will contribute one or more pieces of bronze ordnance captured during the Mexican war, with which to cast a statue of General Sutter.

THE Rev. Francis G. Peabody has been nominated by the Harvard authorities to the Parkman Professorship of Theology, vacated by Dr. Andrew P. Peabody. Mr. Peabody is a young man, a Harvard graduate, and the son of the Rev. Ephraim Peabody, once pastor of King's Chapel. Professor William E. Byerly was nominated at the same time to the Mathematical Chair left vacant by Professor Pierce.

GENERAL WAGNER, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, announces that Joseph E. Temple, of Philadelphia, has contributed \$25,000 towards the erection of an equestrian statue of Major-General John F. Reynolds, and invites all poets to contribute to the erection of a bronze statue of the general. Comrade J. G. Rosenberg, Post No. 1, Philadelphia, has been appointed treasurer, and can be addressed at No. 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

A COMMITTEE, representing the National Association of Anti-Masons, which has its headquarters at Chicago, has purchased a site in the cemetery at Batavia, N. Y., for the location of a monument to the memory of William Morgan, whose mysterious ending in 1826 caused such widespread excitement. The style of monument has not been decided upon, but it will be appropriately inscribed, and will cost about \$2,800. It is expected it will be erected the coming Summer.

AMONG nominations by the President, confirmed by the Senate, last week were: General Stephen A. Hurlbut, of Illinois, to be Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Peru, General Judson Kilpatrick to Chili, T. A. Osborn to Brazil, General Lew Wallace to be Minister-Resident in Turkey, G. H. Manny to Colombia, and Jeremiah Rusk to be Charges d'Affaires for Paraguay and Uruguay. Also the following: Stewart L. Woodford, to be United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York; Asa W. Tenney, to be Attorney, Eastern District, New York; Henry E. Knox, to be Marshal, Southern District, New York; Clinton D. MacDougal, to be Marshal, Northern District, New York; Charles A. Gould, Collector of Customs, Buffalo; George B. Loring, of Massachusetts, to be Commissioner of Agriculture, vice La Due, resigned; Glenn W. Scofield, of Pennsylvania, to be a Judge of the Court of Claims; ex-Senator Blanche K. Bruce, of Mississippi, to be Register of the Treasury, vice Scofield, transferred; Lucius F. Thompson, Surveyor at Philadelphia, Pa.; John J. Deavo, Surveyor at Pittsburg, and Benjamin Darlington, Postmaster at Pittsburg, Pa.

OBITUARY.—May 16th.—At his residence in New York City, Silas M. Stilwell, for many years a prominent politician, member of the Legislature, United States Marshal for the Southern District, and author of the Act which abolished imprisonment for debt, aged 80; Franz von Dingeldeit, the German poet, aged 67; Harrison Stephens, a native of Jamaica, Vt., but from boyhood a resident in Canada, where he amassed great wealth, aged 80. May 17th.—Hon. Eli Perry, twice Mayor of Albany, N. Y., and member of the Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses, aged 79; Hon. John Burges, a prominent judicial officer of Ohio, at Cincinnati, aged 65; William Cunningham, a leading cotton merchant of New Orleans, and ex-President of the Cotton Exchange of that city; Admiral La Ronciere de Noury, French Senator, and President of the Paris Geographical Society, aged 68. May 18th.—Anthony S. Adam-Salomon, the French sculptor, and author of many busts of distinguished people, aged 63. May 20th.—Suddenly, at his home in Washington, D. C., of apoplexy, General William H. French, U. S. A. (retired), aged 66.



HON. RICHARD A. ELMER, SECOND ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
FROM A PHOTO. BY KUNTZ.

HON. WILLIAM H. ROBERTSON, COLLECTOR OF
THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

ON Wednesday, March 23d, President Garfield sent to the Senate the nominations, among others, of Judge Robertson, of New York, at present a State Senator, to be Collector of the Port, and General Merritt, the present Collector, to be Consul General at London. On Wednesday, May 18th—eight weeks later to the day—the nominations were confirmed. It is unnecessary to state here the cause of the delay, or repeat the story of the dead-lock and its ending.

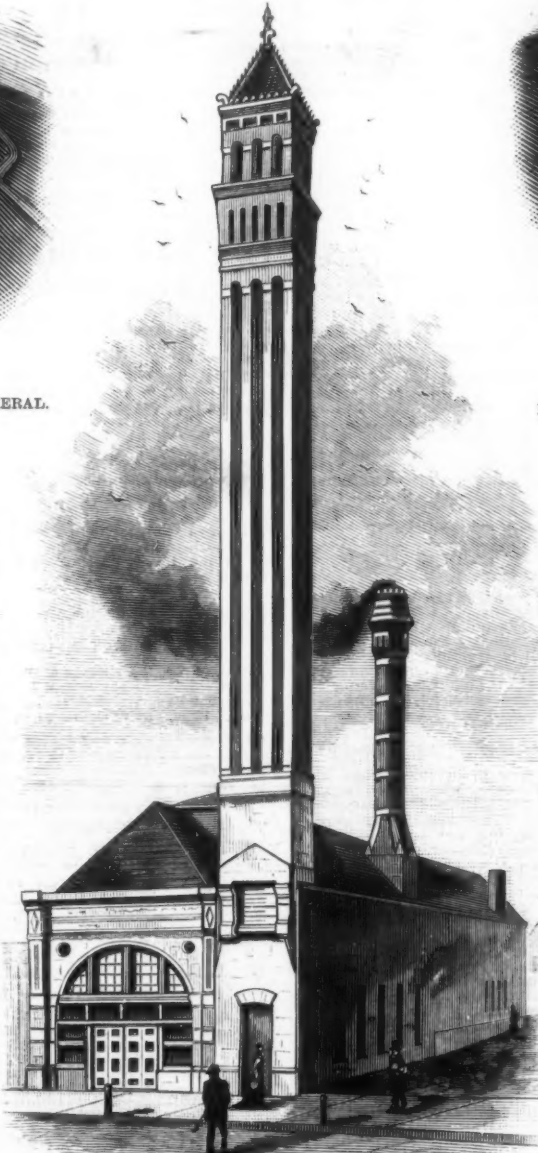
Since the illness of Lieutenant-Governor Hoskins, Senator Robertson has been President *pro tem* of the New York Senate. He is a native of Westchester County, and is fifty-eight years of age. He was educated at Bedford, in same county, and admitted to the Bar in 1847. He has held various political positions, serving first four years as Superintendent of the common school of his native town, then four years as Supervisor, during two of which he was Chairman of the Board. In 1849 he was elected a member of the Assembly, and re-elected in 1850. In 1854 he was first elected to the State Senate. He was next elected County Judge, a position which he held for twelve years—three terms. Mr. Robertson was then a prominent Republican, and although the Congressional District in which he lived was claimed by the Democrats, he was nominated for Congress and elected. During the war he was Chairman of the Military Committee to raise and organize troops in his district, Commissioner to superintend the draft, and otherwise rendered valuable service. He was for six years Brigade Inspector of the Seventh Brigade of the National Guard.

Mr. Robertson re-entered the State Senate in 1872, since which time he has been regularly re-elected. In 1874 he was unanimously chosen President *pro tem*. This place he has held for several years since. He has served as Chairman of the Committees of Commerce, Navigation and the Judiciary and other important places, and has been regarded as one of the leaders of the Senate. He has been a Presidential elector and a delegate to all the important Republican conventions, and a member for several years of the Republican State Committee. In 1879 he was the leading candidate for Governor in opposition to Mr. Cornell. Mr. Robertson was a delegate to the Chicago Convention, and the first one from the State who publicly announced that he would not follow the unit rule in opposition to the wishes of his constituents. He was for Blaine, but when the break came he went with his colleagues for Garfield. For his action at Chicago he was savagely denounced by the Conkling organs, and threatened with political extinction. With reference to party principles, he has always been a straight and uncompromising Whig, and afterwards a Republican.

A VETERAN JOURNALIST DEAD.

MR. L. A. GOBRIGHT, who died at Washington on the 14th instant, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, was one of the oldest journalists in the country, having been connected with the Press of

Washington more than forty-five years. For nearly thirty years he represented the New York Associated Press there. He retired from active service in 1878, but his connection with the office remained unsevered until his death, being pensioned for faithful service. Mr. Gobright was prominently identified with the I. O. O. F. and the "Oldest Inhabitants' Association" of Washington. He was one of the most honest, upright and faithful of men, and during the civil war he enjoyed the fullest confidence of President Lincoln and Secretaries Seward and Stanton, often being called upon to assist them in the preparation of proclamations and other important documents, which were finally intrusted to his hands for telegraphing. When Andrew Johnson made his famous "swing around the circle" Mr. Gobright accompanied him and prepared the very elaborate and interesting reports that were telegraphed to the Press. He was on terms of intimacy with the celebrated men of both political parties who have figured in public life during the past forty years, and though often trusted with important matters, he never yielded to the temptation to print what had been communicated in confidence. In his personal manners he was modest and unpretending, but his modesty never degenerated into weak-



NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW STAND-PIPE OF THE CROTON
WATER DEPARTMENT, WEST NINETY-SEVENTH STREET.

ness or a want of positiveness where principle or real convictions were at stake. The Washington "Press Gang" will not soon forget the veteran whose friendship they have so long enjoyed.

NEW CROTON AQUEDUCT STAND-PIPE.

THE stand-pipe erected at Ninety-seventh Street by the Croton Aqueduct Board is one of the latest measures adopted to facilitate the even distribution of drinking-water throughout the city. The pipe proper is of boiler iron, is five feet in diameter and stands one hundred feet in height. The water is forced to the top, to secure the pressure, by two powerful Worthington pumps. The pipe and adjacent building are very attractive architecturally, but it is its vast utility which most commends the structure to the public.

REV. DR. HENRY DARLING,
PRESIDENT-ELECT OF HAMILTON COLLEGE.

THE trustees of Hamilton College have unanimously elected Rev. Henry Darling, D.D., pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Albany, N. Y., President of the Institution, to succeed Dr. Samuel G. Brown, who resigned last Fall. Dr. Darling is about fifty-eight years of age. He is the son of Judge Darling, an honored jurist and a leader in the Presbyterian Church in Pennsylvania, of which State he is a native. He was graduated at the early age of nineteen at Amherst College in the Class of 1842. In theology, Dr. Darling was educated at Union Theological Seminary and at Auburn. His first pastorate was at Hudson, N. Y., whence he was called to Philadelphia, where he achieved reputation and usefulness in the pastorate until his exhausted health compelled him to take a respite. Union College conferred the degree of D. D. upon him in 1860. In 1864 he was called to the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Albany, and has continued as its pastor since then. His pastorate has been eminently successful, and the influence of his eloquence and intellect have been felt not only in Albany, but throughout the Presbyterian Church of the country.

The *Utica Herald* makes the following comment on his election:

"While Dr. Darling has never been technically a teacher in any institution, he is devoted to education, is a ripe scholar in many departments, and is deeply enlisted in raising Hamilton College to a stronger, broader place. In the pulpit he ranks with the foremost in his denomination. Those



HON. WILLIAM H. ROBERTSON, COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF
NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTO. BY NOTMAN.

who know him best testify not only to his worth and ability, but to his social graces, to his masculine will, to his fitness to be not only a man among men, but a leader in the church and in the community."

HON. RICHARD A. ELMER, SECOND ASSISTANT
POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

THE Hon. Richard Allison Elmer, of Waverly, N. Y., who was confirmed Second Assistant Postmaster-General on May 16th, is not yet thirty-nine years of age. He was born in Orange County, N. Y., in 1842, and removed with his family when a lad to Waverly, where he has since lived. He graduated from Hamilton College in 1864, and afterwards studied law, and was admitted to practice in all the courts of the State. He has been cashier of the First National Bank of Waverly for a number of years, and has been engaged in large business operations in that neighborhood, in which he has been uniformly successful, demonstrating the possession of a business capacity that will especially fit him for the duties of the office to which he has been appointed. He has never held any public office, but has been an active, earnest and working Republican in the ranks for twenty years. He was mentioned as a candidate for the office of State Treasurer of this State at the Convention of 1878, but failed of a nomination. His appointment and confirmation have given great satisfaction to persons of both political parties in that part of the State where he is best known.

THE LATE JUDGE STILWELL.

AMONG recent deaths is that of Judge Silas M. Stilwell, whose name is associated with the famous "Stilwell Act" of the New York Legislature. He came of an old Long Island family, and his father and several of his uncles served in the Revolution. The son was born in New York City, eighty-one years ago, and after being admitted to the Bar, was elected to the Assembly as a coalition candidate in opposition to Tammany Hall, and introduced and championed in the Legislature the Bill to abolish imprisonment for debt, which received Governor Throop's signature and became a law on April 26th, 1831. Soon after the passage of the Act, Lord Brougham, through the American Minister, transmitted to Mr. Stilwell a resolution of thanks and a certificate of honorary membership from the Law Reform Association of Exeter Hall, and before he died Mr. Stilwell had the satisfaction of seeing the example set by New York followed more or less completely by all the States, and in the principal States of Europe. Mr. Stilwell, in 1832, proposed in the Assembly the abolition of the death penalty, but the Senate was uncompromisingly hostile, and the project was dropped. He declined a re-nomination to the Assembly. In 1841 he was appointed United States Marshal for the Southern District of New York. Mr. Stilwell lost the wife to whom he was most



THE LATE L. A. GOBRIGHT, VETERAN JOURNALIST.
FROM A PHOTO. BY S. M. FASSETT.



REV. DR. HENRY DARLING, PRESIDENT OF HAMILTON COLLEGE, N. Y.
FROM A PHOTO. BY M'DONALD & STERRY.

devotedly attached many years ago. He leaves two daughters—one of whom is married to Gilbert Codding Esq.—and a son to mourn his loss. The son inherits not alone his father's name, but also his ability, and although quite young, is winning for himself honorable distinction as the New York Bar, as ex-Judge Fullerton's junior partner.

THE LATE COL. THOMAS A. SCOTT.

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT, for many years President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, died at his country residence at Woodburn, Delaware County, Pa., on Saturday night, May 21st. He was born in London, Franklin County, Pa., December 28th, 1824, and was educated amid all the customary disadvantages of ordinary district schools. In 1844 he became a clerk in the Collector's office at Columbia, Pa., and, remaining there until 1847, was then transferred to the Collector's office at Philadelphia, where he staid three years, at the expiration of which he first became connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad. Two years later, his remarkable energy and administrative capacity having attracted attention, he was appointed Superintendent of the Western Division, which position he left in 1858 to assume the general superintendency of the entire road. In 1860 he was elected a Vice-President, and became practically the President, although it was not until 1874, upon the death of J. Edgar Thompson, that he was made in name President.

In the Fall of 1861, he was selected as Assistant Secretary of War, and given charge of the transportation of our vast armies and the necessary supplies. He had exclusive control over the railroads used and constructed by the Government, and his administration of the great trust, was marked by exceedingly prompt action and clear perception. In the Fall of 1862 he resigned this position and returned to his former position. At the time of the battle of Antietam, when the Union soldiers were in great need of ammunition, Colonel Scott took personal charge of a train of cars filled with powder, and hurried it forward to its destination at such a high rate of speed that, to the great alarm of the trainmen, the boxes on the wheels began to smoke.

In September, 1863, he again forsook his office, and was assigned to the staff of General Hooker with the rank of colonel and assistant quartermaster. Here again his fertility in devising practical schemes of transportation was shown, as he forwarded to Chattanooga from Louisville and Nashville 50,000 men under Generals Hooker and Howard, repairing old railway lines that had been partially destroyed, and utilizing every means in his power, so that the work was accomplished quickly and to the satisfaction of his superiors. Again he returned to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's office and devoted all of his energies to planning the future of the corporation.

Before the war Colonel Scott became interested in the question of trans-continental railways. In 1872 he visited Texas and California, and formed the scheme of the Texas Pacific Line, of which he was made President. The failure of Jay Cooke, in 1873, and the general financial panic of the same year, were a severe blow to this, as to many other companies, but the project was not lasting. From March, 1871, to March, 1873, Colonel Scott was also President of the Union Pacific Railroad, and in August, 1873, he was elected President of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. He had for some years a controlling interest in the Southern Railway Security Company, and for a long time was a director of the Kansas Pacific, Denver and Rio Grande, and other roads.

About a year ago, owing to his ill-health, he resigned his position as President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and last month he also resigned the Presidency of the Texas Pacific Company. The illness which finally resulted in the death of Colonel Scott was indirectly caused, it is thought, by an injury received in a railway accident in 1856, which resulted in paralysis of the left side of his body, this being recently followed by softening of the brain. The funeral is to be held on Thursday, May 26th.

GENERAL IGNATIEFF, CHIEF OF THE SUPREME COMMISSION OF RUSSIA.

GENERAL PAUL NICHOLAS IGNATIEFF, who has superseded General Melnikoff as Chief of the Supreme Regulating Commission of Russia, is well known as one of the most active members of the Constantinople Conference. He was born in St. Petersburg in 1831, the Czar Nicholas standing as godfather to him. In 1864 he was appointed Russian Minister to Constantinople, and three years later was raised to the rank of Ambassador. His long residence in the city, and his profound knowledge of Turkey, its people and affairs, satisfied the late Czar and Prince Gortschakoff that he would not require the assistance of a special diplomat at that important conference. He, therefore, was permitted to serve alone. Great Britain was represented by her Ambassador, Sir Henry Elliott, and a Special Commissioner, the Marquis of Salisbury; France, by her Ambassador, the Comte de Bourgoing, and her Minister to Madrid, Comte de Chambord; Germany, by the Baron Werther, her Ambassador; Austria, by Count Zichy; Italy, by her Minister, Count Corri; Servia, by M. Marinovitch, her Envoy to St. Petersburg; while Turkey's interests were in charge of Midhat Pasha, the Special Plenipotentiary, (who, by-the-way, has just been arrested for complicity in the murder of the Sultan Abdul-Aziz), who was assisted by Savfet Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and by Edhem Pasha, the Ambassador to Germany.

On May 18th General Ignatieff issued a circular to the Governors of the Russian provinces explaining the principles of the last imperial manifesto, and announcing the views of the Government on the internal condition of the country.

THE LATE COUNT VON ARNIM.

COUNT HARRY VON ARNIM, the well-known Prussian diplomat, died in Nice on May 19th. He was born in 1824, and studied at the University of Berlin, where he was accounted a model student. He was ardent, manly and heroic in conduct and bearing, exuberant in spirits, fond of his friends, and a leader in literary circles. After leaving the university he advanced rapidly in favor among men of the world, was appointed to diplomatic places, and about twenty years ago the Government sent him to Rome as its Ambassador. He was transferred in 1871, just after the Franco-Prussian war, to the Embassy at Paris, with the title of count. This was in a most important period, and the position required of him a rare degree of tact and firmness. Candid and moderate men have granted that he filled the post with marked ability and zeal for his country. When complaints were at last made against him, they had nothing to do with the discharge of his duties as a patriot. The real difficulty was his disagreement with the German Minister of Foreign Affairs—Count Bismarck. The history of the personal hostility which followed has become known to the civilized world.

The quarrel culminated in his being brought to trial before a secret court, and the regularity of the form of procedure was vindicated at every point. After a week the prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. He twice appealed, and the first decision was in substance sustained each time. In the meantime he had been in Switzerland, where the book was published which contained a history of the quarrel with Bismarck, and all the papers that had not before been published. The authorship was generally attributed to Arnim. This work led to a second prosecution, resulting in a heavy sentence. He, how-

ever, remained securely in exile at Nice, and thus escaped the rigors of the law. During the period of his failing health, Arnim has made several appeals to be allowed to return to Germany, but the Government refused them all, and he died an exile.

FUN.

THE escape of a steam-boiler has a sort of flue went expression.

WHENEVER you see a woman talking straight at a man, and beginning to nod her head and keep time to it with her upraised index-finger, it is about time for somebody to climb a tree.

THEY were sitting around the table giving their opinions as to the best time to die. Some said they preferred to die in Spring-time, others in Summer, some in Fall, and others in Winter, when little Tommy, who had been munching cake and just recovered from stooping to gather some crumbs that had fallen on the floor, interrupted the conversation with the remark: "I want to die when I can get no more pound-cake."

AMABLE HUSBAND (who has just finished moving): "Where are my slippers, dear?" *Wife*: "They came along with the third load, and that load went to the garret." *Husband*: "And where is my pipe?" *Wife*: "You'll find it in one of the barrels of crockery in the cellar." *Husband*: "And where is my comb and hair-brush?" *Wife*: "Jane packed them in the kitchen stove with the children's shoes." *Husband* (mentally soliloquizing): "What a woman my wife is! She never went to college, and yet she knows everything."

BUB'S COMPOSITION ON THE RHINOCEROS.—The rhinoceros lives in Azhar, and you kant stick a pin in 'im cause his wekkit is bilt of ole stoves. When a rhinoceros is gonter be kild yu mus always go up to him from before so az he'll kno something of it, an' try to mak a place for a bullet to get in. His nose is got a upper tooth that's got no buzines ware it iz, and if a boy shooset set down on it he better sta plugged up with the tooth rels he'll be all won pore. I'd rather be a polliwog if I wuz a rhinoceros, tho' I spose if I wuz I woodent.

"VICTORY!"

UNDER this caption, a gentleman in Iowa, who had procured the COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT for his wife, writes: "I am surprised at finding her so much improved in health. When she began using the Oxygen she could not sit up more than four hours at a time. Could not walk a quarter of a mile. Improved from the first inhalation, and now, having used the Treatment for six weeks, does considerable work around the house, and can walk two miles and not be tired. Raises no more bloody matter. No cough. Sleeps and eats well. All that I can say is, 'Thank God and Drs. Starkey & Palen.'" Our Treatise on COMPOUND OXYGEN, its Nature, Action and Results, sent free. DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TWO CINCINNATI ladies, who had lately returned from a trip abroad, were exchanging opinions in reference to the famous pictures they had seen. "Give me the Reconnaissance school of art," exclaimed one, "so full of sympathy, of poetry, so different from the Pre-Raphaelite." "It's very true what you say," observed the other, "but as for me, I just dote on the Dusseldorf school, the paint is so much fresher."

CABINET ORGANS.

THERE are numerous firms throughout this country who advertise Cabinet or Parlor Organs, claiming superiority from facilities of manufacture, when, in reality, they never were manufacturers of any portion of an organ, and are simply agents and middle-men for firms who dare not, owing to the inferior quality of their instruments, advertise them over their own names. It is a well-known fact that the United States leads the world in the manufacture of Organs, in quality of tone, excellence of mechanism and beauty of design, and no manufacturer stands higher in every respect than the Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, whose manufactory is now the largest in the world that ships direct. This enterprising gentleman was the first to offer the music-loving populace an opportunity to purchase direct of the manufacturer, thereby saving the public the enormous profit of agents and middle-men. He has made many liberal offers, and has never failed to keep every promise; and more—we have yet to receive the first complaint from any of our readers who have dealt with him. His last and grandest offer outstrips all others, and is an evidence of his unparalleled success. The Beethoven Organ is the most brilliant and powerful musical combination ever perfected, and its superiority over all other Organs is attained by the valuable Patent Stop Action, held only by Mr. Beatty. The reader should bear in mind that the "Beethoven," which is shipped on one month's trial, has 27 stops, 10 full sets of golden tongue reeds, and is in every respect and detail the finest instrument in the world. The price at which the "Beethoven" is offered, \$600—which includes stool, book and music—must bring it within the reach of every one. It is important that any one desiring one of the Matchless Organs should remit at once by a Post Office Money Order, Bank Draft, Registered Letter, or Express, prepaid. Nothing is saved by correspondence, as the orders for this particular style are coming in so rapidly that the capacity of the Beatty Manufactory is being tested to its utmost, and cash orders very naturally take preference on order-book. The feature of this great offer—viz., to refund money sent and pay all freight charges if the instrument is not as represented, is not this a sufficient guarantee of the fair dealing of Mayor Beatty?

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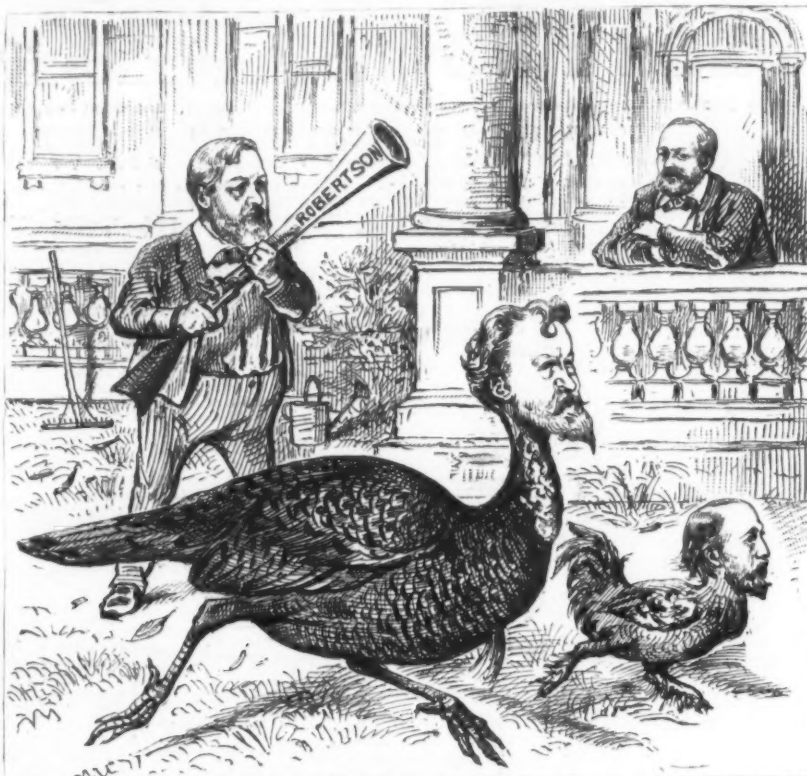
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